

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1870.

The Week.

THE Census Bill, fruit of much study and labor, and designed to bring American statistics to something like the European standard of accuracy and comprehensiveness, received its quietus in the Senate on Wednesday week—forty-five of his colleagues joining Mr. Conkling in laying it on the table, and only nine opposing. The Act of 1850, therefore, remains in force; but it is reported that the Secretary of the Interior and General Walker, the new Superintendent of the Census, would like the President to recommend certain modifications, so as to get, if possible, the population returns before the fall elections. On Thursday, the Senate reached the Mississippi question, in a report from the Judiciary Committee proposing admission of the State without conditions. In the debate which ensued, Mr. Sumner again became a target for other Senators, and was assailed at once both by Messrs. Stewart and Trumbull. The debate has led to no action, though continued during the week. On Friday, Senator Sherman introduced resolutions urging recognition of Cuban belligerency, and a proclamation and observance of strict neutrality. Mr. Logan introduced similar resolutions in the House on Monday, and both have been referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The House had its personalities the same day with the Senate, Mr. Butler alighting upon Mr. Cox in a manner peculiar to himself. On Monday Mr. Loughbridge, of Iowa, offered a resolution to the effect that the business of the country demanded an increase in the volume of the circulating currency, and instructing the Committee on Banking and Currency to report a bill providing for such increase, in the sum of fifty millions of dollars. An attempt to lay this on the table was defeated by 93 to 73; but as the House was not prepared for a division, the vote can scarcely be taken to signify much.

There has been a good deal of Cuban excitement during the week, owing to the reported defeat of the Spaniards under General Puello, and to consequent speeches in Congress in denunciation of the Neutrality Laws. Whether Puello was defeated, and, if so, how much of a defeat he suffered, we confess we do not know, and have not yet heard of or read any testimony on the subject worthy of the smallest confidence. Indeed, we know of no reason for believing the Cuban cause to be any better off than it was a month ago. But the news roused the Cuban partisans into a good deal of activity, and led to the perpetration of an interview on Senator Sumner by the *World* reporter, with the result of extracting from him an opinion that Cuba was not a belligerent, that the Cabinet would not say she was, and that, if it did, Spain would declare war, and do us great damage.

In the Senate, Messrs. Carpenter and Howe, of Wisconsin, have made fierce assaults on the Neutrality Law, both being apparently under the amazing delusion that it is the Act of 1818 which prevents the Cubans from buying ships and arms in the United States, and that if it was repealed the rebels could get gunboats here as well as the Spaniards. The speeches in which this extraordinary doctrine was maintained were in the highest degree curious, as illustrations of the style of mental equipment with which some Senators nowadays go into debate. The Act of 1818 prevents the Cubans from doing nothing except fitting out hostile expeditions on American soil. They can buy in a commercial manner as many ships and as much munitions as they please, with or without the Act. The reason why they do not buy gunboats, as the Spaniards have done, is, first, that they have no money to pay for them, and, secondly, that they have no ports to take them to. The repeal of the Act would not help them in the least as far as this goes. That their

case is one of peculiar hardship, as Senator Carpenter maintains, is quite true; that they are in a peculiar degree entitled to our sympathy is also true; and that it is open to the American people to go to war for their deliverance, and that this would be a generous thing to do, there is no denying. But the question of belligerency is a question of fact, and has nothing to do with sympathy. If we say we see an organized Government in Cuba, engaged in a regular war with the Spaniards, for the purpose of helping and encouraging it, when we don't see it, we simply tell a lie; and who are the Cubans that our Government should lie for them? Enough of that is done already by private gentlemen.

Mr. Buckingham, of Connecticut, did a good thing in his speech on Mr. Sherman's Currency Bill, by pointing out the errors which, he truly says, "have surrounded every measure which has been presented for the consideration of the Senate," and which we cannot do better than describe in his own words:

"The first error consists in the idea that the country requires an amount of currency that can be determined by the wisdom of senators.

"The second error is found in the opinion that each section of the country is entitled to a definite proportion of currency which can be determined and apportioned by statute law.

"The third error consists in the belief that we can make an equitable distribution of currency based upon population and upon the resources and business of the country, as ascertained by the census."

At the bottom of these three is another—the belief that currency is capital; and that, therefore, if you put currency into a place you put capital, the fact being that currency is simply an instrument for moving capital about, and which a neighborhood that has no capital will not and cannot keep.

The vote on the admission of Mississippi in the Senate, or, rather, on the proposition to postpone the consideration of it to something else, indicates a desire to keep it out, on the part of the same portion of that body which tried to keep Virginia out, though for what purpose it would be hard to say. That Mississippians, any more than Virginians, who do not think well of common schools now, will ever be brought to do so by keeping the State out of the Union, nobody seriously believes; or that true and hearty allegiance to the United States can be had in this way, nobody believes either. The rival Georgian factions have their deputies in Washington, blackening each other's characters furiously. The Bryants accuse Bullock of theft, while the Bullocks accuse Bryant of a corrupt leaning to the Democrats; but General Terry believes in Bullock and doubts Bryant, and, in the meantime, the State makes some progress towards Reconstruction, by the calling up, once more, of the senators' credentials.

A correspondent calls our attention to the fact that we have not done what we ought to have done, and have intended doing, and only failed to do a fortnight ago through an oversight, viz., mention that Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, has formally denied the charge which various papers, the *Nation* included, made against him, of being personally interested in coal and iron works. His own testimony on such a point would of course be sufficient to set the charge at rest, even if it were not corroborated by that of his friends. But it would greatly add to the pleasure with which we make this atonement if his own experience of these injurious suspicions made him more careful—indeed, made him in the least careful or scrupulous in making far worse charges against others. There is nothing dreadfully bad in a Pennsylvania member of Congress owning iron-works or coal-mines; the fact that he does, simply weakens the force of his arguments as a protectionist, and therefore ought to be known; but there would be something unutterably base in Mr. D. A. Wells's taking "British gold" to make his reports favorable to English interests—a charge for which Mr. Kelley has not, and does not pretend to have, a particle of proof, and yet which he has had no hesitation in making again and

again, in a place, too, where his victim could not reply to him. But, of course, even a man who does this is entitled to justice at everybody's hands; for justice is for sinners as well as for the righteous. He is, we are informed, going to decline a renomination, or, if re-elected, is going to devote himself to the reform of the Civil Service. He owes a good deal to the Civil Service, for he has done much to degrade it, by showing that neither character, nor ability, nor knowledge can secure anybody who enters it from scurrilous defamation. It will be some time, we suspect, before another man of Mr. Wells's standing will undertake any such duty as that with which he has been charged during the last four years.

In Pennsylvania politics the most notable event is the defeat of a Metropolitan Police bill for Philadelphia, which would have given over the control of the city to a commission named by the Republican members of the Legislature; and, while it might have subverted good government, would probably have been still more favorable to partisan ends. The Governor's message conveying his veto takes lofty ground—not very far removed in some places from clap-trap—against usurpation, and autocracy, and the wrong proposed to a “brave and generous people;” and it seems unlikely that any new bill can be framed which will not in principle fall under Gov. Geary's objections. The Legislature was imprudent enough to deprive him of any share in appointing the commission; and as it had already irritated him by refusing to increase his salary or to print his message, he was in the mood for a veto, and the veto came. A better argument than any he advanced against the bill would have been the experience of this city, which has shown that though a metropolitan police, as wisely organized and directed as ours, will, while it lasts, preserve better order and do more for local self-government than any municipal police can do, it is still but a make-shift, and bears the same relation to permanent reform that an act of Congress does to a constitutional amendment. Let there come an election at which the party triumphs which would never share places on a police board or a registry board, and the metropolitan system is either abolished, as our new city charter proposes, or becomes another instrument of misrule and terror.

The Illinois *Staats-Zeitung* disputes, in an article which we were unable to notice last week, the accuracy of our conclusions with regard to the condition of the United States credit in Europe. It alleges that anybody who says what we said (January 27), with regard to the standing of the United States credit on the European exchanges, must either be greatly wanting in scrupulousness and love of truth, or unable to calculate the rate of interest. We can assure the *Staats-Zeitung* that the case does not call for any such harrowing alternative. The list it gives of the various Government securities, by which it shows that the credit of the United States stands fifth in order, and above that of Austria, Italy, Portugal, and Spain, not to speak of Turkey and Egypt, proves nothing whatever for the purposes of this discussion. In fact, it would be hard to produce a better illustration of the way in which figures may be made to support a fallacy. The United States have never repudiated; have never, except during the war, had a deficit; nay, have a constant surplus; have a population which doubles in twenty-five years, almost limitless extent of fertile soil, and no standing army, and are rapidly reducing their debt. No state in the world can make such an exhibit. Their credit should stand first on the list; it stands fifth. Why so? Austrian securities bring nine per cent.—that is, only two and a half more than American securities, though Austria has had a deficit regularly for about forty years, is a conglomerate of discordant nationalities, and is in yearly danger of total dissolution, and has, within three years, forcibly reduced the interest on her bonds. This difference in the material facts ought to be represented by a difference of six per cent. in the interest. We might apply the same argument with still greater force to the case of Italy, Spain, and Portugal. The mere fact that the United States can borrow at lower rates than these powers tells us little. The question is, can they borrow as much lower as their material condition and their financial history appear to warrant? They cannot, nor anything like it. In short, the rate of in-

terest alone is a very defective indication of the comparative credit of a government. We have to take into account also the facts on which the rate of interest is based to get at the real state of the case. If it appeared that A. T. Stewart could only borrow money one or two per cent. lower than a firm of Wall Street speculators, who had failed about a dozen times, and were daily engaged in “shinning” in order to meet their engagements, people would laugh a good deal if Mr. Stewart went about boasting that his credit was better than that of Burst, Up & Co.; and the fact that his was so poor would, in view of his known wealth, be taken as a proof that he was popularly believed to be a knave, and this is just the impression that some Congressmen have succeeded in diffusing in the European markets about the United States.

That their credit has improved we do not deny. If the close of the war and the yearly surplus did not bring it a long way from where it stood in 1864, it would show that the world was out of joint. We venture to say it could be put alongside that of France and England in three years, by the exclusion of certain persons from Congress, and the restriction to a responsible Minister or Committee of Finance of the privilege of bringing in currency, funding, loan, and taxation bills. The very multiplicity of these bills, brought in as they are by all sorts of men, and the amount of attention they receive in Congress and from the press, shakes the confidence of the moneyed men of the world in American finance, and leads them to expect anything or everything in the way of folly or absurdity and violent change. They cannot perceive any thread of policy, principle, or responsibility running through this mass of confusion. The mere plan of “diffusing the currency,” by getting people to set up banks in the West and South with their own money, which has just been enacted, and of which Mr. Sherman is the proud and happy father, is enough to muddle the brains of the shrewdest London or Amsterdam banker, and make him put his money into Turkish eleven and a half per cents. sooner than United States sevens, much less fours or fives. “The Turk and Spaniard,” he will say, “are lazy, shiftless rascals; but I know pretty well what they will do next. What Sherman, Butler & Co. will do next, the Lord only knows.”

The Superior Court of Cincinnati have given judgment in the “Bible in the Schools” case, making perpetual the temporary injunction heretofore granted, restraining the School Board of Cincinnati from carrying into effect its recent resolutions, prohibiting the reading of the Bible or any religious exercises in the schools. The majority of the Court held that the Christian religion was recognized by the Constitution as the basis of the social system of the State, and the Bible as the revelation of that religion; that on no other ground can blasphemy be held to be criminal; that the reading of the Bible is, nevertheless, not worship; that without its teachings, however, we have “no unvarying code of morals or of human duty;” and without it “there would be no standard, and each man would be a law unto himself,” and that the resolutions of the Board “were a sweeping edict, leaving the pupils not only without a hope, but without a God.” The theological discursus of the Court cannot but be regarded as unfortunate in every respect for the settlement of the question, as there is hardly one of its propositions which will bear examination, or which a Catholic, Jew, or Rationalist will not vehemently dispute. The very authority and value it claims for the Bible, and the influence it ascribes to it in morals, will add fresh fuel to the flame of Catholic zeal—for everything the Judges ascribe to the Bible, Catholics ascribe to the Church only; and if the Bible does for the pupils all the Court says it does, the more reason there is why a good Catholic should not allow his children to hear it read. Sound policy, if not duty, prescribed to the Court as close an adherence to the law of the case, and as steady avoidance of theological speculation, as possible. We have never yet heard or read of a discourse on matters pertaining to religion from the judicial bench that was not calculated to make the judicious grieve and the scoffer laugh. We are now fairly in for one of the most exciting questions the country has ever had to deal with. The case, of course, goes up on appeal.

Judge Taft read a dissenting opinion, maintaining that, while the Constitution, holding religion, morality, and knowledge to be essential to good government, left the means of promoting them to the Legislature, and the Legislature left the kind of instruction to be given in the common schools to the Board of Education, and while it does not appear that either the Constitution or Legislature contemplated special religious instruction in schools as necessary to secure religion, and may be presumed to have regarded "all sound knowledge as promoting morals and religion," it cannot be said that the Bill of Rights had specially the Protestant religion in view; and that any prescription of religious instruction in the schools to which Jews and Catholics have conscientious objections is in the nature of a penalty inflicted on those sects; that it was not a constitutional idea, in Ohio, that the scruples of a rationalist, spiritualist, or even atheist were not conscientious, and that exclusion even of him from the benefit of the school funds was an exercise over those funds of that "sectarian control" which the Constitution expressly forbids.

One of the most promising signs in the Reconstruction process is an interchange of amenities which lately took place in the United States District Court at Richmond between Judge Underwood and Mr. Henry A. Wise, some time Governor and more recently rebel general, who appeared as counsel at the bar in an action for damages for injuries sustained on board a steamer. The Court opened the proceedings by a short sketch of the learned Judge's own life, beginning with his appearance in Virginia, as a teacher, thirty-seven years previously, and then describing with some minuteness the delights of the intercourse he had enjoyed with Governor Wise in a political canvass. After mentioning his own marriage, and his anti-slavery troubles, and other incidents in his chequered career, his Honor gradually came down to Mr. Wise's general character and acquirements, of which he gave the audience a glowing description, excusing his unsoundness on the slavery question by ascribing it to his unfortunate education, by which the Court, had it received it, would doubtless have been led into the same errors. Here Mr. Wise arose, and after enquiring in an unfeeling way what slavery had to do with the law of common carriers, entered into an animated discussion with his Honor on the question of Reconstruction, about which they appeared to hold opposing views, and, after appealing to the Judge to help him to take the "manacles" off the white men of the South, protested violently against the motion for a new trial, which was the original cause of this touching scene, and, after expressing in strong terms his personal affection for the Court, sat down. The exact order of the proceedings does not appear in the report, so that we are unable to say whether Judge Underwood gave judgment before Mr. Wise's argument, or after, or whether the whole thing was not simply an *obiter dictum*. The lawyers were somewhat astonished by it, and no wonder, considering the cold, heartless character which legal proceedings have hitherto had. We look forward to see the day when the tedium of every trial will be lightened by instrumental music, an occasional song or anecdote from the bench, and perhaps readings or recitations now and then from female members of the bar, and the introduction of a baby or two to be passed round towards lunch-time.

The news from Rome, after a period of some dulness, grows more interesting. The long-talked-of petition from the bishops in favor of the declaration of the Pope's infallibility has at last been signed by about 500 bishops. There are said to be three petitions in all, of different degrees of faith: one asking that "the authority of the Supreme Pontiff" be pronounced "not liable to error;" another asking that he be declared "infallible in all matters of faith and morals;" and the third asking that he be declared infallible, and absolute judge of all things whatsoever—the Spanish bishops being the supporters of this last-named demand. As to what is meant by "infallibility," the heretics, and newspaper writers, and rationalists have been showing their ignorance abominably. It ought to be understood, it appears, by these ignoramuses, that nobody considers the Pope infallible or impeccable as a man, or even as a bishop, or even as Pope. His liability to error continues until he begins to speak to the whole Church "*ex cathedra*;"

but then he can by no possibility make a mistake. But when does he speak "*ex cathedra*," or, rather, how is the world to know when he is speaking "*ex cathedra*?" What are the marks of this particular relation to the church and the world? Here the fog by which the subject is surrounded grows deeper than ever; for at this point the remorseless Dr. Döllinger, one of the most learned, if not the most learned, Catholic theologians, who is more than suspected of being "Janus," appears on the scene, and, taking hold of the bishops' petition, deals cruelly with it.

He says, in the first place, that the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility has not been taught or believed by the Church in any age, and, therefore, is no part of Catholic truth (*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*) which always, everywhere, and by all has been believed; that if the Pope is only infallible when he addresses the whole Catholic Church, then his teachings for thirteen hundred years are probably erroneous, and will have to be abrogated, as they have none of them been delivered *ex cathedra*, in the sense now attached to that phrase, but were addressed to particular persons, or bishops. Moreover, the Pope never heard of his being infallible till 1562, the first rumors of it only reaching him in that year, so that he could not have complied with the various conditions required to give his utterances the character of pure truth. Worse still, the Councils have always examined the Pope's teachings, and adopted them or not as they pleased. Finally, Dr. Döllinger boldly declares that the movement for the adoption of the dogma is of Jesuit origin, that it is the Jesuits who began the agitation for it, and who have been preaching through their various organs that it was for this the Council was called together. He adds that the Catholic catechisms, and other religious books, will all have to be altered if it is adopted, as under it the Catholic Church will fall into the background, and one man take its place in the eyes of the faithful.

The infallibilist bishops, speaking in their petition of those who deny the validity of the Council of Florence, declare, according to the correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "*blaterare non erubescunt*;" that is, that they do not blush to spread abroad certain views in a cackling, garrulous, and foolish manner; or, in other words, are not ashamed of being blatherskites, an imputation which will astonish a good many gentlemen at Washington who glory in blattering, and, so far from blushing over their rubbish, get it printed, and then circulate it at their own expense. If we might make so bold, and had any chance of being heard, we would suggest to the proper authorities at Rome a short and easy method of dealing with the newspaper correspondents would be that prescribed by the old English Statute of Westminster, I., cap. 34, whereby it is provided that "none be so hardy as to tell or publish any false news or tales, whereby discord, or occasion of discord, or slander may grow between the king and his people, or the great men of the realm; and he that doth so, shall be taken, and kept in prison, until he hath brought him into court who was the first author of the tale."

The newspaper correspondents do not go quite unscathed. Archbishop Manning has preached a sermon against them at Rome, in which he denounces them severely for saying the Council is not unanimous; but the devil, nevertheless, persists in instigating them to say that a counter-petition has been signed by 140 bishops against the infallibilist dogma. That the infallibilist party are somewhat nervous about the possible effect of the promulgation of their doctrine on the relations of the Holy See with France is inferred from the despatch of the Archbishop of Algiers on a secret mission to Paris, his object being, it is supposed, to find out whether it would not be possible to frame the dogma in such terms as to satisfy the Jesuits, without alarming the French lawyers about the Concordat, and thus precipitating the withdrawal of the French garrison. There are rumors of an intention to make a belief in the legitimacy of the temporal power also necessary to salvation, so that anybody who advocated the annexation of Rome to the kingdom of Italy would be sure of everlasting damnation. He is exposed to it already, but, if we are not mistaken, his case is not desperate.

THE LEGAL TENDER DECISION.

THOSE who read the opposing opinions of Chief-Justice Chase and Judge Miller on the legal tender case, must have felt that whatever the defects in the reasoning of the former, or the awkwardness of his position in having to condemn on the bench what he had actually done and tried to justify as Secretary of the Treasury, the moral right was on his side. The sacredness of contracts is of vital importance to mankind; indeed, their enforcement is one of the great objects of civilized society. Men ought to be made to pay what they agreed and expected to have to pay. Their escape from this obligation, through the laxity of the laws, is a great misfortune; but their escape through the connivance, and even with the encouragement of the government, is a still greater misfortune—indeed, one of the greatest that can befall a nation. We do not hesitate to say, that the prevailing laxity in commercial morals, the rise of notorious cheats into positions of fame and wealth, and the prostration at their feet of large masses of private property, is largely due, not simply to the spirit of speculation bred by the issue of irredeemable paper, but to the sanction given by the law to the wholesale cheating by fraudulent debtors which was the direct result of the Legal Tender Act. Everybody who paid off in paper during the war a debt which he had contracted in gold, and found that he had saved forty, fifty, or a hundred per cent. in the process, we may be sure was ever after a worse man than he had previously been, and that his influence on every one with whom he dealt was worse.

In fact, a better device for loosening the bonds of social morality than the Legal Tender Act could hardly have been hit upon. As far as the Government was concerned, it was simply a forced loan; but forced loans, though very high-handed measures, and necessarily unjust in various ways, do not blunt the public conscience. The Government takes what it cannot do without, as it takes taxes, and takes it unequally, as it takes conscripts; but it takes it for the good of all, and with the intention of repaying it. When, instead of raising forced loans, it issues legal tenders, it disguises the real nature of the transaction, by granting a license to divers persons to defraud their creditors of large sums, of which no part goes to the public treasury, and by diffusing the loss over a wider area than would be possible if it openly levied contributions. But, stripped of all technical covering, to make depreciated paper a proper satisfaction of private debts, was simply to sell indulgences to cheats, in order to secure the means of carrying on the war. Judge Miller compares it to the incidental loss which takes place when the value of property is changed by a declaration of war, or the raising or lowering of the tariff; but this is surely a delusive comparison. The only exact parallel would be the assumption by Congress, on declaring war, of the right to permit anybody who enlisted in the army to plunder his neighbors, before joining his corps, to the amount of a certain percentage of the value of his own property, or of the right to permit all persons affected by the raising or lowering of the tariff to deduct a large percentage from all debts due by them. It is not the depreciation of property which it causes which is the great objection to the Legal Tender Act—it is the mode of depreciating it.

On the point whether Congress or the Courts have the right of deciding what means are necessary and proper for the exercise of the war power, we suspect most people will agree with us in thinking that Judge Miller had the best of the argument. Society has become such a complicated machine; its interests are so vast, and varied, and delicate; the influences which affect them so numerous and difficult of comprehension; and wars have become so largely contests of money, machinery, and scientific skill, that there is probably no more difficult problem submitted to the human mind in our day than the best means of bringing into play the whole of a nation's power of offence and defence. How to raise armies in a modern commercial community without fatally deranging industry; how to get money to support them without plunging business into confusion and disheartening the people, at a crisis when everything depends on the people's keeping up its courage, are problems now which include nearly the whole art of government. There is no way of submitting them to the decision of a court of law; a court which was competent to pass on them would no longer be a court. They are essentially questions of

legislation, and have to be decided by those considerations of expediency which, to a legislature, are everything—to a legal tribunal, nothing, or next to nothing. Chief-Justice Chase, and the judges who agreed with him, *quâ* judges, did not have them before them when he wrote his opinion. There was and is no way of getting them before them. Counsel could not state in argument, or put into the pleadings, all the influence which led Congress, in 1862, to pass the Legal Tender Act, or all the circumstances on which its decision was based, and consequently the Court could not possibly form a correct judgment on the necessity of the measure to the proper conduct of the war, even if the judicial habit of mind was not one which disqualified men for the performance of any such task.

Well, what then? Was the judgment of Congress final, or has the Court anything whatever to say about the matter? Undoubtedly it has. The business of the Court is to interpret the Constitution; and even if it be true, as many people believe, that the Constitution impliedly permits Congress to declare other things than gold and silver a legal tender in payment of debts, it does not follow that it permits it to license debtors to pay off their debts by offering something of less value than they agreed to pay. Legal tenders are one thing, depreciated legal tenders are another thing; and no Court can be expected to declare cheating lawful, unless it is plainly and unmistakably obliged to do so by the recognized decrees of the sovereign authority. Congress may have power to declare potatoes a legal tender, but no Court can infer from this that a man who agreed, before they were issued, to deliver a bushel's worth of them to his debtor, is justified in only delivering him half a bushel's worth. The Court can very well say, and does say, that it knows nothing of legislative necessity, but that it does know that nothing but express direction would justify it in declaring lawful and justifiable the evasion of a clear moral obligation.

Moreover, even supposing the Legal Tender Act was necessary at the time; supposing even that the permission to cheat creditors was necessary at the time, that does not make it necessary now. That a man who, in January, 1862, agreed solemnly to pay one hundred dollars in gold in January, 1870, should be allowed when the time came to pay only seventy-five dollars in gold, is surely not "necessary" to the proper conduct of a war which ended in 1865, or to the salvation of a nation which was never more flourishing or vigorous, and which, if it runs any risk at all, owes it to the weakening of the individual moral sense. Many things which will not bear the moralist's examination have to be done in war; the concessions he ought to make to the exigencies of armed conflict are amongst the darkest problems in ethics, but then no such concession should be stretched one inch or one minute beyond the occasion which calls for it. If necessity knows no law, there is all the greater reason for getting rid of necessity at the earliest practicable moment.

As to the future effect of the decision in limiting the powers of Congress, we think the safest plan now is to do right, and leave the future to Providence. Let us stop at once all cheating we can stop. If cheating be ever again necessary to the salvation of the country, we may be sure it will be done, the Supreme Court decision to the contrary notwithstanding. If, which is wildly improbable, the national existence should ever again be placed in the peril in which it stood in 1862, we may be quite sure there will be a Congress and people who will do what the case requires. Our duty is to set an example of justice and good faith, and of respect for the sanctity of promises. This is the very best legacy we can leave to posterity, and there is no surer way of relieving the Government from ever again having to issue legal tenders than paying off rapidly those now in existence—that is, resuming specie payments.

TOWN FOLLIES.

"THERE are towns in this State now," says the *Chicago Tribune*, "which have voted railroad debts amounting to 50 per cent. of the assessed value of all the real and personal property therein." "Mr. Allerton, to-day," says an Albany despatch of February 4, "introduced the old State Aid Railroad Bill of last year, which proposes to give all railroads now constructing in the State \$4,000 per mile for every mile com-

pleted within the next two years." During the years 1868 and 1869, two cities and eighty-three small towns in Massachusetts were authorized by the Legislature to subscribe over \$6,000,000 in aid of railroad construction, besides \$12,000,000 of indebtedness incurred by the State itself for the same end. Similar violations of the fundamental principle of our political system might be cited from every quarter. Congress sets the example by donating millions, and the youngest township of the West hastens to follow it, by pledging its credit for thousands. We began our career as a nation on another theory. With us, at least, private persons and private interests were to be left to work out their destiny in their own way. The Government was to confine itself to its simple functions, chief among which was provision for external defence and internal order, while for all else it accepted a policy expressed in the two forcible words, "Hands off!"

The recent and frequent violations of this policy have at least gone far to vindicate its wisdom. From the moment these fundamental rules were disregarded, the republican form of government has shown itself more and more cumbersome and unwieldy. It has proved that its machinery was not intended for interference in all the affairs of life. With us, under the present dispensation, the voice of the majority, speaking through the caucus, undertakes to decide how much or how little "currency" the community requires—what special interests are to be fostered—when and where railroads are to be constructed. By degrees, a government designed to fulfil only the simplest functions has had the most complex thrust upon it. As a result, we more and more enjoy, in contemplation, such noble announcements of "ring" and "caucus" wisdom as our present protective system, or the formidable liabilities incurred by towns for railroads, or that usual announcement, "Currency very hard to get; gold at 120."

The particular abuse we now propose to deal with, however, is the construction of new railroads with public money. A railroad mania may be looked for about once in every fifteen or twenty years. While the law of supply and demand is left free in its operations, the amount of mischief wrought by these means is comparatively limited. A certain proportion of bubbles burst, a certain number of fortunes are ruined, a certain amount of misery is inflicted; things then right themselves, the bankrupt railroads pass into the hands of the shrewder members of the community, and the sponge of insolvency wipes away the load of indebtedness. There are as yet no insolvent courts for towns, counties, and States. Railroads constructed by them may pass into private hands, but the evidences of indebtedness are already there before them. Who, then, must meet demands for interest and principal when due? These are not now wiped out by the transfer of property, and the land, of course, must ultimately pay the debt. Individuals and personal property will always forsake an unduly taxed locality; land can neither be removed nor concealed. As the article in the *Tribune*, already quoted from, goes on to say: "Men will not live in towns or counties to labor for bond-holders; and deserted villages, abandoned towns, and lands no longer cultivated, will repeat the story of the curse and blight of an unrestricted power to borrow money."

The lesson is a deeper one. It is not alone "the unrestricted power to borrow money" which has worked, and is working, this mischief with us. It is rather the meddling of Government in matters which are none of its concern—the substituting the voice of the majority for the hard, calculating instinct of the moneyed man—the interference, in a word, with the law of supply and demand. If Government is to regulate these matters, it must be framed to do so effectively. An autocrat, surrounded by trained ministers and an army of educated engineers, might specify the where, the how, and the when; let a republican majority attempt it, and it will only tumble into an unruly town meeting, where its voice will be drowned in the shrieks of greedy rings.

It was the war which made debt fashionable. It may almost be said that majorities then got a taste of money as well as of blood, and bonded indebtedness was found a most effective way of raising funds. For a time every locality seemed to think it had come across a hitherto undiscovered Pactolus. It was easy—it was more than easy—it was pleasant, and gave one a gratifying sense of importance to vote some public improvement, the cost of which went into a tax levy. The day

of settlement seemed very distant—it might never come; to many it certainly never would come. A new social theory seemed thus to be evolving itself, in which the community was but a grand co-operative association, with property in common, the assessments on which were to be made in the name of taxation. The majority was to decide what was needed, what would be useful, what, indeed, would be profitable. Thus railroads were built, currency was regulated, and copper and pig-iron were protected. The result, so far as railroads are concerned, was soon seen in a *crédit mobilier* at Washington; in repudiation of county bonds in the North-west; in cities in Illinois, "once flourishing, but now practically in jail;" and in the Boston, Hartford, and Erie managers elbow deep in the Treasury of Massachusetts.

As usual, the evil, in its own rough way, seems working a partial cure; sometimes it is through repudiation, sometimes a constitutional restriction is attempted, or, more frequently, a statute remedy is sought. Certain counties in Iowa are even now trying their hands at the first, Illinois is considering the second, and Massachusetts is experimenting with the last. The story of this Iowa attempt at repudiation, with all its details of popular dishonesty and judicial turpitude, is too long to be told here. The Illinois Constitutional Convention now has under consideration a clause prohibiting both Legislature and municipalities from creating corporate indebtedness except for corporate purposes, and then, even, only under strict limitation as to amount. This and this alone would strike at the root of the evil, and constitute a notice, binding on the money-lenders of the world. The Massachusetts remedy is less effectual. That State, having wallowed into an eight or ten million "job" for the more effectual development of Central and Western Connecticut, is beginning to entertain doubts as to whether the public money should be perfectly accessible to all private parties without regard to character. The earliest manifestation of this sentiment is seen in an attempt to put up the bars, which the legislation of the few last years had effectually prostrated, around the town treasuries. The pockets of all the railroad exploiters of that State have now for some years been crammed with public money. Where a Hoosac tunnel or a Hartford and Erie job was not accessible, half-a-dozen country towns, with a city like Springfield or Worcester flung in, would stay the stomachs of some greedy band of railroad cormorants in default of fatter game. The question of granting or withholding town subscriptions to railroads has, under recent legislation, been settled by a majority vote in open town meeting, without the use of the written ballot or the check-list. In place of this, the Legislature now proposes to substitute a two-thirds vote, by written ballot, under guard of the check-list. The move, though in the right direction, is but a single step. If Government must meddle—if it can no longer be made to confine itself to its proper functions—if it will take from me and give to another, then the rule here found good as regards railroads would be found good as regards all things else. A similar limitation might and should be placed on all appropriations of public money to every private use. Whenever the State or a county or a town wishes to apply the proceeds of the tax levy or to incur debt for any other than a strictly corporate purpose, whether it be of utility, of benevolence, of display, or of profit, running through the whole list of subjects mendicant, from a religious library to a swindling railroad, in each and every case, whether the donation is made by direct, popular action or through a delegated authority, it may safely be asserted that a two-thirds affirmative vote is the least protection which the public safety requires.

NOTES ON THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS AGITATION.

NO. III.

BY A LOOKER-ON.

IN our former papers we have noticed such objectionable theories and unsound positions on each side of the woman controversy as had chanced particularly to impress us—which was a simple matter of recording one's views and sentiments; but in approaching now the particular question of suffrage, which is the head and front of the organized action of the new movement, we find ourselves in some difficulties of special ignorance as well as a haze of general doubt. We have wished to imply our earnest sympathy with all those who are laboring to throw down the college walls to women; to interest them more generally in the world's serious

thought and activities; we certainly rejoice, also, in the present signs of a more thoughtful enquiry into what are the real and what the factitious limitations of woman's labor; but when it comes to the question of her political enlargement—we stop short. Not in absolute rejection, but in a state of mind very far from enthusiastic desire. It is likely that we shall be quite unable to formulate in any arguments that will not be for a derision to the believers this non-eagerness for the ballot, nevertheless, we propose to declare, with what definiteness may be, our indefinite apprehensions, since however it is with their substance, the shadow of them doth seriously becloud that attractive glory which others see in the polls.

The thing that earnest women desire to-day for their sex is more real efficiency and not more conspicuous shamming. Precisely our dissatisfaction with the past is that we have been led therein to too much shamming. "This day let us make a sound beginning, for what we have hitherto done is naught"—the old monk's word of the far-off ages is the word we devoutly echo. Comparing our work with men's in fields where it can be compared, we feel that it has wanted the quality of thoroughness; that things have been wont to be grasped in their length, breadth, and thickness by the other sex, as not by ours; and whatever new fields we are now to enter, it is our supreme desire to enter them, meaning business. And our dread is that women are not going to mean much business when they go into politics.

It is a very simple matter to deposit a vote. The adjective unwomanly is certainly a very ridiculous adjective to attach to such an act in itself. The nondescript female, wearing an enormous dickey and a stovepipe hat, bending with awful brows and rigid, outstretched hand over a ballot-box, while an equally nondescript man hangs in limp and awkward despair over the bawling baby at home—these figures serve to enliven tableaux and charades for our village fairs, but they have no other existence in any sensible mind. We know very well that there is not in woman, or man either, power or inclination to reverse the "spheres."

We are as fully convinced, also, that women could go out on election day, if it became their business to go out, without coming home in material or moral wreck. American men are not in the habit of saluting American women with brickbats or ill words or manners; and we are altogether sure that if the polls were open to her sex by law, that super-fine being, "the most delicate female," could go thither and return with the full complement of her delicacies unreduced. We even admit the strong probability that the sharing of this proverbial lady and her sisters in the performance of the day would make it one of better behavior. And we suppose that whatever difficulties arose in ill quarters from the voting of women could be regulated by the firm measures which are taken to regulate other evils mixed with good.

But we take it that woman's agency in politics would not be limited to voting on election day. Women would be eligible to office, and some of them would soon hold it. With reference to this contingency, we have first to declare our impression (subject, of course, to correction) that as a rule the best women of the country would not seek or accept these honors. It may be answered that neither are the superior men of the country in the ranks of its politicians. True; but some of them are. We hear much of the incapacity and corruption of statesmen, but we suppose there is considerable salt of brains and honor, even in Washington and at the State capitals, else things would go at once to pieces in that death which is the sure end of complete disease. No, we fear that the proportion between the competent and the charlatans among female politicians would be even smaller than among the male; and does the grand army of the pretenders anywhere in this world need reinforcement? Moreover, we fear this new order of pretenders would be an especially perplexing one. We suppose the sham men who get into Congress receive a pretty good cudgelling before they get out, which profitable chastisement could not be similarly extended to the shortcoming ladies. Could it? That is one of our questions.

We would put this question a little more fully. We premise again that we are in a night of ignorance on these matters. Congressional and legislative debates are unknown to us save in the newspapers; but with such idea as we have of them, the idea of the habitual participation therein of the two sexes does not well cohere. We are aware, of course, that the forcible elements of discussion do not reside in violence of speech and fury of wrangling, but quite the contrary; nevertheless, taking the world as it is, and not as it should be—taking, especially, this conglomerate American republic, is there not often required, in the real interests of truth, a style of utterance in its legislative halls not perfectly lovely as between man and man, and altogether unlovely as between man and woman? It

is not an exclusive circle of great thinkers, of highly cultivated and polished literati, met to discuss abstract questions of art, philosophy, or religion, which one finds in Congress and Legislature; but a most heterogeneous company, assembled to decide on all manner of fiercely-felt, everyday, practical interests, where, through clashing personalities and infinitely varying standards of mental and moral worth, the average will of the people is somehow to get itself wrought. We have hinted our idea that potential forces in these bodies must more or less wield the battle-axe, and a force that is not potential—that is, no force at all—would certainly find its dignity in being absent.

Now our bugbear is that the mutual deference between the sexes, habitual in civilized society, and which we have certainly been accustomed to regard as one of the mitigations of life—that this courtesy indeed is not in so much danger of being rudely destroyed in these new positions, as of being the basis of a whole new order of sham proceedings, where in all conscience there are shams enough already. There are no intuitions on the subject of pig-iron; an honest legislatress should study up pig-iron, if it became her duty, which indeed we have sufficient faith in our sex to believe it might be in her to do, if only she were held to it strictly, and not excused with a flood of nonsense about her being born superior to poor, plodding man's necessity of looking into things before he knows them. With our blessed American faith in the sufficiency of born gumptions, and the Yankee-smartness tenet of that creed, let us add the womanly-intuition tenet, and *et voila* for such a reign of humbugs as even the spread-eagle did never spread himself above before.

As for this womanly-intuition business, has not the bountiful Creator blessed most of us with a good deal more floating sense than we are at all willing to take the irksome pains to shape out and bring to bear upon the facts or philosophy of life? Most men and women are mortally tempted to do bad work—pure intuition-work—because it is so much more delightfully easy than to do good work—which has intuition in it, to be sure, and—something besides. We who write unto you, we know ourselves in the same condemnation, therefore we preach. We wonder (as one more explanation of woman's inferiority) if even energetic man were constantly informed that he had a fund of masculine intuitions on which to draw for all the expenses of thought, whether he would not lap his brain in sloth, and thank the Creator who had made him to possess all the harvests of wisdom, with no sweat of knowledge. Verily, between superficial over-valuing of her performance on one hand, and supercilious under-valuing on the other, this poor creature, woman, does get a most unfortunate training in this world.

There are women before the public to-day who begin to promise to do never better than in their first efforts, but rather worse, because their first efforts were prematurely crowned with the absolute meed which they in nowise deserved. The breath of their bad flatterers inflates now all their speech; in their utterance on this theme they have, in their prophecies of the immediate purification of the nation were women to rule its politics, an unseasoned arrogance which implies that they do not so much as apprehend, to say nothing of comprehending, the intricate fabric of civil government. We suggest to these Penthesileas that, if they go into politics with efficiency, they will have to take some lessons of men. Howsoever these male monsters got the first place in most of the world's wisdom, they have got it, and it befits the candid mind to acknowledge the same. If the new era is to be a Woman era, still for a season yet men must be our school-masters in much.

It may be that the extravagances of these prophets are only the ferment incident to a new order of things, which would settle as naturally as it has arisen were once that order permanently established; and that all our apprehensions about female politicians are such as the first wind of experimental practice would utterly drive away. The advocates of woman suffrage have certainly a strong argument in their position, that it profits both men and women to be able to take an intelligent interest in each other's pursuits; that the majority of them to-day are separated in a needless and unfortunate degree in habits of thought, tastes, and training; that whatever makes a larger intellectual sympathy possible between the sexes purifies and enriches life; that not only the ideal human companionship, but social and civil progress, depends on what is the plane of relations between those who, on one footing or another, always have passed and always will pass their lives together. And since it is no longer the fashion to relegate the squaw to the back door of the wigwam—since she sits in the front door (with much spread of garments)—it may verily be that she should now enter the councils of the chiefs, and hand round the peace-pipe (though she does not smoke it), to balance by these sober

responsibilities the tendency to folly not unnatural in a being first abased as a slave, then exalted as a doll, the discovery of whose true place in creation mankind has seemed to find a long puzzle.

Seriously, we think it may be that women need to vote, and men need to have them. But if this need ever comes to be felt with any wide enthusiasm, we believe it will be kindled by the hope of these immaterial gains chiefly; that is, if a general growth in knowledge, thought, and all the aids to efficient living—if these shall seem to go hand in hand with the ballot, we think there are women enough in the Republic who sincerely desire this progress to swell the now thin ranks of this reform with a prevailing tide. But we doubt whether the property question, the labor question, even, have in them any vital element of conversion. The women of the country at large do not feel that their property interests are antagonistic to those of men, or, where unjust legislation still exists on these matters, they do not believe that the only way to right is to obtain the power of legislating themselves. We can hardly avoid the conclusion, practical interests of this kind being usually so keenly felt, that married women of property would be flocking in multitudes to this standard if, in actual fact, their freedom was much fettered by the law. And the labor question reaches into wide, wide regions—regions so uncertain and hazardous that the thoughtful cannot advance there save step by step. The most superficial feel that it is not an arbitrary fiat alone which limits woman's "right to labor." We wait for much light on this question. The woman-suffrage leaders may be the persons to give it; we hope they will.

Meanwhile, we who write far away from conventions would like to be better informed of their proceedings. The late Woman Suffrage Convention at Washington we suppose must have meant something; gathered at the national capital, if there is any significance in these meetings, that must have been significant. Yet we sought in vain through the long letters of newspaper correspondents—women, too—women favoring the cause, whose business in Washington apparently is to attend such meetings, note-book in hand—we sought from them in vain the remotest idea of the debate. Much grouping there was of the various ladies in their various features, and especially clothes, about the platform; there the report ended. Now, the face and figure and dress even of some world-famous individual who has become a living presence to our thought, we confess we like to be informed about—the personality interests us; but a company of ladies, most of them utterly unknown to fame, except as being to-day speakers on a great question—to parade these out with their names and toilets, without reporting one syllable of what they said, is to do them and us much wrong. We really don't care whether the young law-student from Missouri wore on her hat the bird of paradise—as we are assured she did—or the owl of the Dismal Swamp; her velvet basque in no wise interests us; but, if that young person *spoke* to edification, we would most thankfully receive the poorest abstract of her remarks.

It occurs to us, correspondents, that you may have some mistaken ideas concerning the rural districts of your native land, for we conclude, of course, that you do not indite your dress letters for the ladies who can look in at Stewart's. We inform you, then, that America is dressed up to her last woman. Velvet suits and long-tailed birds on hats are in all our meeting-houses. In the very aboriginal wilds, *paniers* have risen and set. Most of us who are in years to go out of the chimney-corner at all have one show gown scarce to be beat in Washington. Now that we reflect upon it, we are sure you cannot know how extensively the works of E. Butterick & Co., "Manufacturers of Patterns for all Kinds of Ladies' Garments, Publishers of the *Metropolitan and Quarterly Review of Fashions*," are abroad in the land. We are painfully forced to tell you, too, that you cannot supplant that valuable man and his coadjutors. Your long accounts of toilets are, after all, hazy. E. Butterick & Co. tell us, with diagrams, exactly how the satin pipings are to be laid on, precisely how far from the edge of the puff the gathers are drawn, with a distinct end to enlighten and instruct which commands our grateful respect. But you—we pause in our invidious comparison, thinking we may be as much mistaken in you as you are in us.

[The articles, of which the foregoing is the last, contain not our opinions, though in most things we heartily concur with them, but those, we believe, of a large class of women of the very best kind, whose adhesion to the woman suffrage movement must be won to make its triumph anything but a public calamity, but whom thus far its advocates in this country have had remarkable success in repelling. Of the force with which the writer has explained her position we need not speak;

no more striking contributions to the literature of the subject have yet been made, on either side of the water. To win over the large body of thoughtful and refined women, of whom she is a representative, would, one would think, be one of the first and dearest objects of the platform champions of the new movement; but how very little trouble they gave themselves about anything of the kind, and how closely occupied they are in producing a shabby imitation of the hack male agitators, of whose public performances people are so weary, was curiously illustrated in the reception given by the *Woman's Journal* to the first of the articles by a "Looker-on."

That article dealt somewhat severely, but entirely within the limits of fair discussion and with great power, with some of the weak points of the leaders of the Woman's Rights agitation. The *Woman's Journal*, which, be it remembered, was established because the *Revolution* was too coarse, and violent, and unscrupulous, thereupon, by way of reply, invented a falsehood for which it had not the shadow of a foundation, namely, that the writer of the article was not a woman, but a man; and on this falsehood founded a slander, namely, that the *Nation*, in representing it to be the composition of a woman or allowing it to appear as such, had been guilty of a fraud on its readers and of "professional dishonesty." This falsehood and slander was then wrapped up in a column of rather silly and incoherent abuse, and actually published as the leading article of a paper which is to persuade people that the female conductors of it would make good statesmen. In the course of the tirade, too, Christ and Henry Ward Beecher were gravely cited in support of the opinion that to be "neutral" in the wars of preachers of this kind with the rest of the world is "to be in alliance with the wrong."

Now, we will improve the present occasion to say one or two plain words to those who are engaged in this agitation, for which we claim a respectful hearing, inasmuch as we believe them to contain the sentiments of ninety-nine out of a hundred intelligent and thoughtful men and women in the community.

1. Their position before the public here differs from that of their fellow-laborers in England in this, that the social status of Englishwomen is one of much greater inferiority to the men, and their legal status one of much greater hardship than that of American women. The latter occupy a far higher position in the family and in society, and are far better protected by law in the enjoyment of their property and other legal rights, than Englishwomen are. Every American reader of Mr. Mill's book felt that his statement of the case, therefore, was in various ways inapplicable to this country. The property of Englishwomen is still at the mercy of the common law, and the common law is supported by the prevailing male sentiment, while the property of American women in some American States is better protected than that of men, in most States as well, and in all may without much difficulty be put on the same footing.

2. The feature of the woman's suffrage movement in England, therefore, which most attracts public attention, and by which its claims to respect are most frequently tested, is its value as an instrument for the legal and social elevation of women, for giving them more importance in the household and a better standing in the courts. Its champions, therefore, appear before the public mainly in the character of pleaders for the emancipation of a class which everybody feels to be really "subject," and which the great majority thinks ought to be subject. Their capacity as politicians, or the probable influence of their enfranchisement on the Government, has not come up prominently for consideration.

3. In America, on the other hand, it is as possible politicians and statesmen that the public watches the ladies who figure on the woman's rights platform and in the press. They do not impress people as a ground-down class seeking deliverance, so much as candidates for office—persons who want to have a hand in voting the taxes, framing the laws, and declaring war and making peace. Consequently, the indulgence which the liberal and candid are usually disposed to extend to the absurdities and extravagances of ordinary reformers, they refuse to extend to theirs. The follies of a man or woman who contends for the emancipation of the slave, or the improvement of the prisons, or the promotion of temperance, are, to a great extent, what Bentham would call self-regarding follies, which the rest of the community can afford to overlook. But the follies of persons who gravely propose to take a large share in regulating the lives of all their neighbors, in administering justice, levying the taxes, sending us to the field to fight, and, in fact, deciding for what objects, and under what conditions, a great nation shall exist, are matters of serious concern to everybody.

4. Accordingly, the woman's rights agitation here is watched, and the female press is read, mainly with the view of discovering what kind of element the admission of women to the suffrage would introduce into our politics. If, from the speeches and articles of the leaders, it could be inferred that the change would probably supply any of the great wants of the day; that it would either provide a class of soberer, more thoughtful, and purer politicians; or that it would increase the popular appreciation of knowledge, deliberation, and self-restraint; or that it would introduce new habits of thought and discussion into the political arena; or infuse a more scientific spirit into legislation; or more candor, directness, and information into the debates which precede legislation; or would give greater support to men of real ability and high character, and greater political value to character, there is hardly a doubt that the very best portion of the community would speedily rally to its support, for this portion of the community is just now greatly perplexed, and is looking around eagerly for new ways of salvation. We wish we could say that either the conventions or the press of the movement were giving promise of these things. Thus far, they have certainly not done so, and, indeed, it may be said whatever strength the cause has exists outside of them, and almost in spite of them. If the movement results—as we have little doubt it will—in giving women the franchise, it will make all the difference in the world to the country, and to mankind, whether they get it as a consequence of the deliberate conviction of society that all good causes will profit by it, or as a consequence of that devil-may-care feeling about the suffrage, and about the whole government, which is now very prevalent, and which makes nearly everything in the people's gift the prize of loud and importunate speech.

But we shall, in spite of the faults of the *Woman's Journal*, look to it next week for something very explicit in the way of a retraction of its charge against the *Nation*. There can be no sort of doubt that Christ and Henry Ward Beecher both hold that persons who bear false witness against their neighbors, and fail to make atonement when summoned to do so, "are in alliance with the wrong." To make the duty of the *Journal* all the plainer, we will mention that the name and address of the lady who wrote the articles in the *Nation* are at the service of its editor.]

ENGLAND.

LONDON, Jan. 23, 1869.

THIS is the season for public meetings, in anticipation of the Parliamentary session. Every man or party who has a pet crotchet is anxious to give it an airing and to force it, if possible, upon public attention. The land laws, education, emigration, and all kinds of minor projects, are advertising for the amount of support necessary to force them through Parliament. The speeches delivered to their constituents by various ministers are read with great attention, in order to draw from them, if possible, some indication of the Government policy. Of Mr. Bright's speech, if I remember rightly, I said something in my last letter. Two of the most rising of our present officials, Mr. Forster and Mr. Stansfeld, have lately been addressing their constituents. The main result of what they have to say may perhaps be expressed as follows. In the first place, Government will of course bestow its chief attention upon the Irish land question. No hint of any importance seems to have been dropped as to the probable nature of the measure to be introduced. That it will not interfere with the rights of property, that it will satisfactorily settle all just claims, that it will lay a sound foundation for future good feeling, and so on, are amongst the necessary platitudes from which nothing is really to be inferred. The most significant hint is perhaps to be found in an article in the *Times*, which may be taken to indicate the expectations of that paper. It is, I need hardly say, a customary device of the Thunderer to advocate in an oracular manner those measures which it has reason to suppose are already adopted by the powers that be. The general design of the proposed legislation is the establishment of lower kind of Courts of Commissioners, with very large powers, for settling on the spot the relative claims of landlords and tenants. Upon this, however, I will not speculate at present. Taking for granted that the Irish land laws will have the precedence, is it probable that that piece of legislation will absorb the whole activity of the session? This is the question which is being vigorously agitated. It is plain that the subordinate officials, such as Messrs. Forster and Stansfeld, are really anxious that more should be done. They call upon the Liberal party to press the Government, and on the constituents to press the Liberal party, so that in one way or other enough pressure may be applied for the purpose. But there is evidently a certain degree of hesitation.

The educational controversy is bringing out some very vigorous disputes; the advocates of a secular and denominational system of compulsory and voluntary agencies are as bitterly opposed as a combination of theological and political hatred can make them. It is natural that a government which has in prospect the difficult task of meeting enraged land-owners should shrink from also setting the clerical world on fire, and should like to keep its head clear for steering some judicious compromise through one set of shoals and rapids, without committing itself simultaneously to another. The last speaker on the subject is the Solicitor-General, Sir J. Coleridge, a gentleman of singularly smooth and plausible eloquence, and who unites to Liberal politics certain High-Church proclivities which fall in only too closely with Mr. Gladstone's way of thinking, and hamper him on some important topics. He evidently shrinks from the educational question; and from his language I should think it not improbable that Government would either temporize by some avowedly transitional measure, or would introduce a more comprehensive measure, without attempting to insist upon it for the present.

We are promised a measure upon licensing public-houses, by way of a sop to the temperance agitators; and are assured that we shall have the ballot introduced before another election. Upon another topic of great importance nothing has been said, so far as I am aware, by any authoritative person. Great efforts, however, are being made to obtain for it a prominent place in political platforms. I wrote to you some time ago about what may be called the Colonial Empire question. The duty of England to the colonies is still discussed with vigor, but the question has passed into a rather different phase. A large number of public meetings have been held, and various radical members have made themselves prominent in pressing popular demands upon Government. They ask that large sums should be spent in assisting emigration to the various colonies—partly with the view of relieving our distress and partly in order to keep up the connection between various parts of the empire. Mr. Goschen, the president of the Poor-law Board, has sanctioned the principle of emigration by offering to subscribe (in his private capacity) a certain part of the passage money of 2,000 laborers, hoping that his example will be followed by others. He says that this is the only form of relief which promises any permanent results. I fear that the political economy of this statement is so far doubtful that it is quite possible for the masses to remain as wretched as before, even whilst overflowing as rapidly as ever into other countries. Emigration is no more a panacea than any other mode of relief which does not propose to act upon the morality and intelligence of the population. But Mr. Goschen's offer, however well meant, did not satisfy the leaders of the agitation. They declare that private charity is necessarily inadequate; and will be content with nothing short of some large and decisive measure carried out by Government. The statement of Mr. Edmund Beales (famed for the Reform Bill agitation) is that Government is bound either to find work for the people or to place them where they can get work. This is a simple doctrine, and probably not a very wrong interpretation of the popular theory. The opinion of the lower classes is simply that they are very badly off at the present moment, and that we have a great extent of land somewhere in the colonies which ought to be applied to their support. There is a socialistic sound about this which will not recommend it to a Parliament of capitalists and landed proprietors. To say the truth, I think that very exaggerated ideas are current of the extent to which emigration is likely to afford relief, and the clamor which is being raised may lead to grievous disappointment. Government is obviously anxious to avoid these questions for the present; they have snubbed the gentlemen who proposed to bring about a conference with the colonial authorities, and they are very unlikely to grant any pecuniary aid. Indeed, to say the truth, the most obvious principle or policy is a determination to spend no money upon anything that can be possibly saved.

I heard a view propounded the other night upon the emigration question which is worth a few words—not because it is likely to be adopted, but as significant in its way. The suggestion (which had the merit of simplicity) was that the English Church should be disendowed and the funds devoted to promoting emigration. As you may guess from the tone of the proposal, it was not made in any high official quarter. It was put forward at a place called the Hall of Science—which is a fine name for a lecture-room containing about 1,200 people, in a remote corner of the city of London. The proprietors of the room seem to be a body called the Secularists, whose prophet, at the present moment, is a Mr. Bradlaugh. They discuss such questions as whether there is a soul, or a God—both of which they generally decide in the negative—and others of which this is

a specimen: "Was Judas Iscariot a curse or a blessing to the race?" Mr. Bradlaugh is the author of various tracts, *Why am I an Atheist? Reasons for Disbelieving the Bible*, and the like. He is also a very good popular speaker, with plenty of unction, humor, and clap-trap. On the occasion on which I heard him, he was addressing a crowded and enthusiastic audience chiefly upon the Old Testament. He treated that work in the style to which Tom Paine familiarized us in the last century; and, less excusably, denounced not merely the text, but religion in general. It was singular to hear a man attacking everything that one hears in churches with the utmost coarseness, and rapturously applauded for every good hit at Abraham, David, or Moses. Mr. Bradlaugh, however, does not limit his ambition to religious iconoclasm. He is also lecturing upon the French Revolution with a special application to the present day, and would be willing to follow out Tom Paine's example by sitting in republican conventions as well as by assaulting the Scriptures. I do not think him anything more than a vulgar but clever speaker, with plenty of mother-wit and next to no refinement. Perhaps I may be prejudiced by his always speaking of 'Ebrews and Ma'ommedans; but I do not expect him, I confess, to be a Mirabeau or a Danton. However, his popularity is an illustration of the discontent which is widely spread amongst certain classes, and of which the emigration agitation is in the main another symptom. I must leave it to you to speculate on the probable interpretation of these phenomena. I will only go as far as this: that a large increase of emigration is highly probable during the ensuing year, and that I do not suppose that it will precisely follow the intentions of its promoters. I don't think it will all go to our colonies, nor that, if it does, their loyalty will be necessarily stimulated by being made a useful supplement to our system of out-door relief. Further, I do not suppose that Mr. Bradlaugh will succeed in shutting up all our churches at present, or erecting an altar in St. Paul's to the Goddess of Reason; but when preaching of this kind is popular, the clergy have need of considerable support to enforce a system of denominational education.

FRANCE—THE OLLIVIER MINISTRY.

PARIS, January 28, 1870.

WHEN I last wrote, the Ministry was barely formed, and could not be said to have brought itself into working order. How much has passed since then, and in the space of a couple of weeks!

Let us begin at the beginning: Parisians of the oldest date, political Parisians of twenty or forty years' standing, will tell you that *never* was a ministry received so enthusiastically as was this one. And this is true. On the 3d of this month, the new Cabinet, which had been at first called the "Ollivier Ministry," acceded to power, and it was decided that there where all were equals no one could be preponderant, and that, consequently, it was the Liberal Ministry, and not "le Ministère Ollivier." Well! Émile Ollivier, caring for higher aims than could be identified with mere words, agreed readily to this, and the Centre gauche were much pleased at being told that "everybody was minister," that there was no "Prime Minister," and that the old parliamentary routine was to be revived. In this way, the week from the 3d to the 10th of January passed, and then the honeymoon of blissful enthusiasm was convulsed to its centre by a tragic storm. On the afternoon of the 10th of January, Pierre Bonaparte, a cousin of Napoleon the Third, murdered a man in cold blood; the man being a lad of twenty, a journalist risen from the ranks of the people, and who had gone to the "den of the Corsican ogre" in the sacred character of a "témoin," bearing another man's challenge.

This did bring with a vengeance a "change over the spirit" of the Ministerial "dreams!" Paris was shaken as a forest in a hurricane. "This!" people went about exclaiming—"This is the stuff whereof our masters are made! This is the race whose strength is being increased by the 'Liberals!' This is the family which is being fixed in France by those who ought to destroy it!" So great was the feeling of horror and disgust, that I assure you, when came out the incriminated article of Rochefort in the *Marseillaise*, the most moderate and conservative persons said in their salons (those strongholds of tradition): "This is not exaggerated!" I shall refer to this feeling by-and-by.

Wednesday, the 12th, the day of the funeral, came and passed, and convinced all the genuinely impartial portion of the French public that the reign of violence was over. Violence, it had long been felt by the really clear-sighted, was extinct in all Europe; its hour is gone by; there is no use in it; it is an anachronism. All the modern thinkers, all the real "Liberals" of our time, know this, and would treat great public demonstrations with respectful attention, but without a shadow of fear or dis-

trust. Here lay Ollivier's error, or misfortune. He who knew that the "manifestation" of the 12th deserved attention, and should have excited no alarm, was forced into accepting the old-fashioned, timid view of such men as his colleagues, Messrs. Daru, Talhouët, etc., and seeming to dread the quiet, solemn gathering of the masses round the grave of the murdered youth, rather than take it gravely into account.

Immediately, however, on hearing of the project of applying to the Chamber for permission to prosecute Rochefort, which he, Ollivier, disapproved, he acted with a promptitude to which I know, on the Continent, of no parallel, and, by the night of Thursday the 13th, had elaborated a law by which the crimes of the public press were once again to be submitted to the jury. This *projet de loi* Émile Ollivier carried to the Council of State, and deposited on Friday the 14th. On the morning of Saturday, the 15th, he again went to the Council of State, where a *séance générale* afforded Prince Napoleon, in his character of a Prince of the Imperial House, the right to appear. The Prince had not been at the Conseil d'État for six years, and was disliked and feared by that august assembly. By the frank and clever speech he made, however, he gained over every one present to his political views. Émile Ollivier left the Council of State to proceed to the Senate, where he made his first speech, and absolutely captivated the "reverend seignors."

His plan was, if obliged by his timid colleagues and by the Emperor to commit the mistake of prosecuting Rochefort, at all events so to arrange matters beforehand as to make the prosecution relatively harmless. He meant to have the law voted by the Conseil d'État, voted by the Chamber, and promulgated before Rochefort was summoned, and in that way send him before the ordinary jury, who perhaps might almost have acquitted him. That done, on Monday the 17th, Ollivier satisfied the silly longings of his colleagues, by consenting to make one with them, and ascended the tribune to expose the "Cabinet question," and declare to the Corps Législatif that, if they would not vote the surrender of Rochefort, the Ministry would retire. A most monstrous and useless mistake! And Ollivier's eloquence suffered severely from it; he was embarrassed, and weak, and gave even Rochefort (who is neither a politician nor an orator) the opportunity of correcting him successfully.

The speech was M. Picard's, who simply put things straight, and gave a logical sketch of the situation as it really stood before the public. However, the House voted and the Ministry was "saved," as it termed it, and, as you went away, you heard on all sides the words: "One other piece of salvation such as *this*, and we are utterly lost!" Émile de Girardin, Ollivier's warmest friend, said next day: "Let us be silent about yesterday's debate—great sorrows are dumb." There was the truth. Worse remained behind; for Ollivier, who had counted upon neutralizing the prosecution by the common jury, found himself mysteriously betrayed, and the summons for Rochefort to take his trial was issued for Saturday the 22d.

Nothing remained save to obtain the largest amount of leniency. This the keeper of the seals did contrive to secure, and, when the sentence was published, there was a universal feeling of relief. "But," said Rochefort himself with a smile, "if I am the terrible and dangerous incendiary about whose prosecution so much fuss was made, I am far too little condemned; if I am quite innocent and harmless, I am too much so." The "incident" is over now, but it was a most foolish one, and the best chance of the Cabinet is, that it should be forgotten, as so many things are in this rushing current of political life.

Since the Pierre Bonaparte tragedy and the Rochefort prosecution, the whole interest of the situation is the commercial policy, out of which all future complications may spring. So long as the existing Chamber endures, the majority is in the hands of the Emperor, and the majority is a free-trade one. Now Messrs. Daru, Louvet, Segrès, Talhouët, and Buffet, Ollivier's five colleagues, are all resolute protectionists, and, economically, M. Thiers is their chief. But here you hit at once upon the Gordian knot, and *who* is to undo it, and *how* is it to be undone? The old-fashioned political Liberals and so-called Parliamentarians (stigmatized as *Orleanists* by the Imperialists) are opposed to what the younger public in Europe styles everywhere liberal ideas. They are opposed to freedom of trade, and disarmament or peace, guarded by national armies, as in America, Switzerland (and nearly in Prussia); they believe in prestige and "protection," and military glory, and a tutelary police; in short, in all the various devices of security which no man of our day does believe in more.

These are Ollivier's colleagues. What is he to do with them, he who has long ago discarded all these narrow, antiquated creeds? On the other hand, the men who will, if well led, go in for all these modern forms of economical freedom, are politically adherents of personal government, are

narrow Imperialists, and would gladly give their majorities to M. de Forcade over again. What is then to be done? Much will depend on chance. The enemies of the Ministry (among whom are many of the Minister's private friends, are so alarmed at the situation that they think the sooner a crisis is provoked the better, and, convinced as they are that Ollivier is only a "wolf in sheep's clothing," they would help to bring about a movement that should strip him of his fleece, and show him entirely a wolf. "He is a Jacobin!" cry these men, "and he will lead us to the scaffold!" (They still have the beliefs of the last century!) "He is a Bonapartist bought and sold!" cry the others, "and will one day send us off to Cayenne!" Here are the shoals between which Ollivier has to steer.

Correspondence.

GERMAN-AMERICAN RELIGIONISTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the issue of the *Nation* of February 10, I notice a communication of R. Francis Colton on the "Religious Views of the German-Americans." Being the author of the "letters" therein referred to, I beg to state that Mr. Colton has misunderstood me in a very important point. I did not intend to speak of the German-Americans *at large*, but only of a *certain class* among them. If agreeable to you, I shall soon have an opportunity to communicate some facts to the *Nation* respecting the state of religious thought among the German-Americans, that will fully convince Mr. Colton of his mistake, which, perhaps, is due to an inaccuracy of expression on my part.

Very respectfully,

DR. H. VON HOLST.

FEBRUARY 11, 1870.

[We ourselves were guilty of unintentional injustice towards Mr. Colton, in a too careless rendering for him of the German passages cited. For "certain moderate persons" we should have written "influential;" and "Free Congregation" and "enlightenment," and "annihilation of dogmatic conviction" and "progress," were respectively declared synonymous ideas.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

THE following books are announced by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. as in preparation: "The Land War in Ireland," by James Godkin, author of "Ireland and her Churches"; "Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection," by A. R. Wallace, the well-known naturalist; "The Beginnings of Life: including an Account of the Present State of the 'Spontaneous Generation' Controversy," by Dr. H. C. Bastian; a second series of "Historical Gleanings," by Mr. Harold Rogers, late Professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford, and editor of Mr. Bright's speeches. This volume will contain sketches of Wickliffe, Laud, Wilkes, and Horne Tooke. Mr. Rogers's first series appeared last year, and treated of Montague, Walpole, Adam Smith, and Cobbett, and was very favorably received in England.—Messrs. Roberts Bros. will publish in April Miss Alcott's "An Old-Fashioned Girl," a companion volume to the same author's "Little Women" and "Hospital Sketches."—The Catholic Publication Society have in press a new work by Rev. John Henry Newman, entitled: "The Grammar of Assent." It will make one volume, duodecimo, and is published from advanced sheets furnished by the author.

—Readers of Hawthorne's book on the English entitled "Our Old Home," and of such passages from his English diary as appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* some time since, will be glad to hear that Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. are soon to publish the greater part of the note-books which Mr. Hawthorne made during his sojourn in England. The work will appear in two volumes of about the size of those containing the selections from the American note-books. There is, perhaps, no one living who could be trusted to take from Hawthorne a truly characteristic germ and develop the full-blown romance; nevertheless, the forthcoming work will, of course, be rich in suggestion; and possibly it will shed new light on this artist's methods, as well as on the peculiar character of the man.

—We have received from Messrs. John Wiley & Son a catalogue of the biblical works and works closely related to the Bible which are published by the celebrated Bagsters. It is well prepared, and fitted to be of excellent service to almost any clergyman. It opens with an alphabetical index, which tolerably well covers the eleven or twelve hundred numbers

contained in the body of the catalogue, although it cannot be said to cover them completely. If one looks in it for "Improved Renderings of the New Testament," desiring to find the page where that work is described and the price given, one must know its author's name and look under "Craik," or else must begin and read through the whole index. Still, as publishers' indexes go, this is a good one, and the catalogue itself merits higher praise, being very well printed and well arranged, and giving prices in sterling money and in our currency. That is to say, it gives the prices in both currencies in the cases of books which Messrs. Wiley & Son have in store ready for immediate delivery. A pretty large minority of the works mentioned are to be had only after the necessary delay of getting them from England, and of these the price is to be computed by allowing for each English shilling fifty cents of our paper money—or possibly a little less now, some time having gone since the catalogue was printed. The eleven or twelve hundred titles of which we have spoken are those of all varieties of Bibles—ancient and new, polyglot or in one tongue, English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Latin, Syriac, Hebrew, what not—of grammars, lexicons, concordances, ecclesiastical histories, commentaries, atlases, church services, and all the books that go to make up a theological student's working library. At the end of the catalogue are specimen pages of many of the more important works.

—Mr. Pumpelly's missionary, who had given away so many Bibles to the Chinese that he thought no Chinaman in his district could stand up at the last day and show any sufficient reason why he should not be condemned, made a statement that would, perhaps, seem in some ways, at least, not so unaccountable and less exaggerated if Mr. Pumpelly's readers were aware of the enormous number of Bibles and New Testaments that is annually distributed by the various associations for promoting the knowledge of the Bible. Two societies, one English and one Scotch, distributed during last year alone 2,360,000 copies. Since it was founded the British and Foreign Bible Society has sent into France alone 5,645,000 copies. How eagerly the various Protestant societies are when a new field is opened to them for the dissemination of Bibles has recently been illustrated in the case of Spain. Most of our readers have heard of the splendidly bound Bible sent to Madrid for General Prim, and how in a very brief space of time it was back in London, having been bestowed by the General as soon as it reached him—or by some subordinate through whose office it passed before it reached the chief—on some Englishwoman who happened to be in the city. That was one case. Beside it may be set these facts. Since the revolution, which is now some seventeen months old, there have been opened in Spain 85 Bible depots, and there have been printed in Madrid 42,000 Bibles, 35,000 New Testaments, 500,000 selections from the Scriptures, and 1,300,000 tracts. This is exclusive of 10,000 Bibles that had been sent into the Peninsula in 1868, before the revolution broke out, and exclusive also of 1,000,000 that are speedily to be sent there from various quarters. When one thinks of the translations of the Bible into 51 different dialects spoken in India, of the 57,000 that the British Society has distributed, of the 350,000 copies sent to the Italians since they have been under Victor Emanuel, of the 300,000 copies circulated by the Danish Society, of the labors of the various American societies, of the presses of the Holy Synod of Russia, one is led to speculate curiously as to what becomes of the volumes and what is the effect of the reading of them.

—It was perhaps wise in the House, and will also be wise in the Senate, should it adopt the House bill abolishing the franking privilege, to deny freedom of the mails to newspapers along with Congressmen. Reforms certainly gain strength from a simplifying of issues, and the principle that all postal matter should be paid for is as clear as it is reasonable. There appears, however, to be a spite among Congressmen against the press, as if the chief cause of their being deprived of a darling privilege; and a consequent satisfaction in cutting off the free county circulation and free exchange of newspapers, on the ground that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Now, we have only to compare the limitations of the two privileges and the opportunities for abuse afforded by each, to perceive that the *tu quoque* taunt or argument is misdirected against the press. The Congressman's frank is potent not only for all sorts of missives that can be put in the form of a package, but in all directions—from Washington to Washington, from where the M. C. is not, as well as from where he is—and in the hands of any person who can obtain it for love or money. The newspaper frank consists not in a signature which may be printed and multiplied and lent and forged indefinitely, but in a plain wrapper, that can legally cover only the paper itself or its supplement, or at most a bill, and in a single direction—from the office of pub-

lication to the subscriber or exchange paper. Instead of being sealed, this envelope is open at both ends, often permitting the paper to be extracted and replaced after inspection, without injury. By far the greatest abuses which have arisen under this privilege are due to the laxity of post-office decisions as to what are and what are not legitimate newspapers, so that it has become a common expedient for publishers and advertisers to issue semi-occasionally a gratuitous circular, broadside, or other *soi-disant* periodical, whereby they may have "exchanges," and no postage to pay.

—When it is asked why newspapers should be allowed to go free to anybody—even to other newspapers—another question must first be answered: Why are they actually charged, when paid for, only from one-twelfth to one-sixtieth of the letter-rate? This favor evidently rests on considerations of public utility, and we can conceive it to be extended through diminishing ratios to absolute exemption from charge for transportation. We never expect to see this, any more than we expect to see the rate mount backwards towards the letter-rate; but it is worth while to keep in mind the motive for making newspaper postage cheap, and putting upon letters the burden of the post-office balance. So much premised, there is a great deal which might be said in behalf of free exchanges, but we will merely point out that on their continuance may depend the existence and worth of the small country papers. Whether these have any *raison d'être*; whether it is well for the metropolitan press to have a larger and more direct influence than it now has, with fewer critics as well as satellites; and whether, if we destroy or weaken the country press, its place will be filled, sooner or later, by something better—are some of the questions which ought to be debated, if the present proposed legislation is not to be followed up by a general reduction in newspaper rates, which shall mitigate the natural hardships of the change. And after all, whatever graduated price we pay for it, will the newspaper be as sacred in the post-office as the letter? There are plenty of supposable instances in which far more, of pecuniary and intellectual well-being, hangs on the receipt of a paper than of an average letter, and that, too, a paper not sent expressly and marked for a purpose, but coming regularly to the subscriber. True, the public are much to blame for the post-office neglect in this department, and, possibly, will never exact the same fidelity and certainty as in the case of letters, inasmuch as losses are more easily repaired, and the risk of loss can be avoided by enclosing any paper of sufficient importance in an envelope, and paying letter-postage upon it. Nevertheless, were our service what it should be, there would be no difference in point of despatch between letters and papers, nor any in the post-office view of duty in regard to them; and we sincerely trust that the Postmaster-General, if successful in abolishing unpaid transportation, will reinforce the Secretary of the Interior in his demand for a thorough reform in official appointments in all branches of the Government.

—Three years ago, to a day, we entered "a plea for culture" against our tariff-tinkers, who wanted to change the 25 per cent. *ad valorem* duty on imported books to a specific duty of ten and twenty-five cents per pound. That project happily proved abortive; but, now that the tariff is again on the carpet, the advocates of protection in book-making as well as in the casting of pig-iron reappear with a demand for twenty-five cents per pound, pure and simple, whether a foreign work have been published ten, twenty, forty, or a hundred years ago. The whole subject was so thoroughly ventilated in Volume IV. of the *Nation*, that we shall not now reargue it, besides that we have a comfortable feeling that the fate of any tariff measure just at present is not more hopeful than in 1867. However, as some of our readers may have seen the programme of these literary protectionists, we will collect the chief points of a reply to it which has been prepared and circulated by "American importers who are also publishers." And to place the former in their true relation to the intellectual welfare of our countrymen, let us premise that their concern is to reprint English books at as large a profit as possible, and that, on the authority of the circular before us, there is but one in a hundred of the works actually imported which they could think of reprinting, for want of a sufficient market. For the sake of the profit to be derived from this one, they combine to tax the natural purchasers of the ninety-and-nine, and are credulous enough to believe that "no injury need be apprehended to the interests of education and intelligence" from such an impost. They even so far forget their own interest as to assert that, after all, the rate will frequently not be raised, or but slightly, while "the revenue will always receive its dues," since there will be no more fraudulent invoices on the part of the English branch houses over here, to whom are sent "the larger part of the books imported." To this their opponents answer, that such importations are but 10 per cent. of the total, and that therefore the in-

jury inflicted by the proposed duty would fall on American houses in the proportion of nine to one. They also declare that, with all the existing drawbacks to the manufacture of books in the United States, even adding author's copyright, we can still reproduce English works more cheaply than they can be imported, by reason of a virtual protection of 25 per cent.; and we may cite as evidences, though they do not, the republication here of works as varied as "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," Gladstone's "Juventus Mundi," and (in contemplation) Mr. Freeman's "Old English History for Children." They also give a list of imported works selected fairly, avoiding extremes of cheapness and dearness, from which it appears that a specific duty would increase the rate of the present *ad valorem* from 41 to 200 per cent.; that is, would make it prohibitory to the purchaser, and by so much diminish the revenue. The average increase thus occasioned would be: "upon works of *general literature*, of 162 per cent., upon *theological* works, of 104 per cent., upon *scientific* works, of 64 per cent., and upon *medical* works, of 56 per cent.;" or, upon all classes, of 96 per cent. But in the case of the two last, the ratio is smaller because they are higher priced, as being in more limited demand, than the theological (which are almost the heaviest single line of importation) or miscellaneous works. The proposed tariff would consequently establish an extraordinary and pernicious discrimination against clergymen and the general public; or, in other words, those who can least, either pecuniarily or intellectually, endure it. There is, then, nothing to be gained for the revenue, and if some publishers should be the better of the change others would be ruined; while, if they were united in favor of it, it would still be a conflict of the interests of less than 50,000 manufacturers and employees in all branches of book-making against those of thirty-five millions of people.

—Last year there was considerable discussion in Boston concerning the state of the two schools of the upper grade, known as the High and the Public Latin, and it was variously proposed either to merge the two in one, or to effect radical changes in the studies and administration of each. Among those who desired improvement of some kind, and who took a direct part in the agitation, was Prof. W. P. Atkinson, of the Institute of Technology, whose address before the sub-committee of the School Board has just been printed in pamphlet form. We refer to it because his argument is of more than local application—is, indeed, a contribution, and a valuable one, to the controversy between classical and practical or utilitarian training. He is an advocate of what he calls symmetrical mental development, and his plan is to ascertain as nearly as possible the *proportion* which each study bears to all others in a truly liberal scheme of education, and then regulate the time and attention bestowed upon it accordingly. He would begin by overhauling the primary school, and thence working upward, doubtless understanding, as well as anybody, what a heroic task he lays out, and how long it will be before his revolutionary ideas can so much as be comprehended by teachers, and committeemen, and municipal authorities. If we do not mistake, the marking system is the type and symbol of our present mode of instruction as contrasted with that which Prof. Atkinson inculcates; and could it be intelligently abandoned, we should believe the first step towards a general reform had been taken. On the actual defects of our schools as now conducted, the Professor delivered himself clearly and forcibly nearly two years ago, at Pittsfield, Mass., before the American Institute of Instruction; and those who wish to pursue this subject further will do well to procure the bound volume of lectures (new series, 1868), published by the body just named in the course of 1869.

—This volume contains also one or two speeches by Hon. Henry Barnard, then and till recently Commissioner of the National Department of Education. They are worth reading to be reminded what limited resources, without a particle of authority, the so-called "Department" has, and to do justice to the retiring Commissioner. We are compelled to say, however, that we consider Dr. Barnard an unfit person for the position he has hitherto held, and should still be of that opinion—even *à fortiori*—if his opportunities had been greater, and his powers like those of other heads of departments. The Institute honored him with resolutions of confidence, and laid particular stress on his library, which he had been thirty years in collecting, containing a great mass of facts and figures relating to education in all parts of the world. To our mind, this was the fatal possession of the Commissioner, and if he has done anything since his appointment to Washington but rummage among and rearrange his dusty and dead statistics, we hardly know what it is. As to his successor, Geh. John Eaton, he is not, either, the proper officer of a real Department of Education, though an honest and in many respects capable man. We

owe his selection by the President probably to the latter's knowledge of his character, and some observation of his management of the freedmen, under the Bureau, in Tennessee. We suppose he will perform acceptably all that the law requires of him, but it is doubtful if that is enough to save the Department from the disfavor of Congress. A man of the requisite culture and experience, and young enough to entertain advanced views on the subject of popular education, might lend such dignity to the now contracted and pitiful function as to extort from our lawgivers a liberal enlargement of it, and from the people an interest in it, which would ensure the most valuable results.

—If "our antagonist is our helper," then the patriotic men of Boston have great reason for giving gratitude to Mr. Dawson, the editor of the *Historical Magazine*, who is never tired of calling their attention to the fact that they never were by far too good for this world—as they have cunningly contrived to make all the school-histories say—and that the present generation of Bostonese, in whose hands the former New Jerusalem has become the Modern Athens, are, past doubt, worse in many respects than their rascally ancestors. The Boston of the "Prince Society" gives Mr. Dawson peculiar trouble. "This 'Boston' is not," he says, "the aggregate of that venerable municipality which is impatiently huddled round Beacon-Hill, and joyfully pushes its way into the Back-bay, in the absence of any better place to which it can go; but, comparatively, an insignificant number of pretentious men, generally of what assume to be 'the first families' of the city, although very seldom of the most ancient and honorable of the number: men who forget the shortcomings of their own ancestors in their zeal to talk about the assumed virtues of the men who make no such pretensions: men whose successful want of integrity in one occupation, no longer pestered with their presence, has too often been transferred with themselves to another profession which has not yet gotten rid of either." These last are dark sayings, as well as, presumably, severe and cutting; but we suppose the critic means to say that certain bad men, after having been successful in trade in and about Boston, have now betaken themselves to carrying out the nefarious scheme of falsifying history by making Boston appear always righteous and great. Mr. Dawson goes on to say that "this 'Boston' has an idea that it is improper in any one to look into the records of other days," if the effect of such impartial investigation would be to impair the standing of the heroes and saints that have been "invented" by the local historians. More than that, this same "Boston" suppresses all damaging testimony; and, more than that again, it seems to think it has the right to make as many historical lies out of whole cloth as may at any time be needed to establish the fame of the above-mentioned great and godly founders and forerunners. In these last "Andros Tracts," now, are there not omissions that amount to a suppression of the truth? Yes, there are many, Mr. Dawson says; but nothing less was to be expected of the set of men who have pursued a systematic course of falsehood in their treatment of the history of slavery in Massachusetts, and of that commonwealth's attempt at nullification and secession. So he goes on; and if the learned men of the "Prince Society" are as shrewd as we take them to be, they will chuckle a good deal among themselves while they note the spirit and tone of Mr. Dawson's remarks. They are always such as to create a strong presumption that he is in the wrong.

—It will be not a dozen years, nor fifty, but a hundred, perhaps, and perhaps more, before we get into the light ready for use all the materials bearing upon the war of the rebellion. And, indeed, when we think of the men who are dead and can now make no sign—of men like Foote and McPherson—we may rightly doubt if the true story of the war in all of its important details will ever be told. In this, however, the story of the late war is like all history. It is a matter of degree only as between it and other chronicles; for whether it is written history or rewritten that we read, we know that we but see in part. Mr. William Swinton having said in his history of the twelve decisive battles of the war, that at the famous battle of Stone River the rebels had in the field about 35,000 thousand men—to this statement General Rosecrans makes a reply that ought to gratify the *Chicago Tribune*, which journal has recently made a brief estimate of Mr. Swinton as a historian which is distinguished less for civility than for that forcible use of English which makes some of the Western editorial articles so racy. General Rosecrans wants to know how, if the rebels had but 35,000 men, he took prisoners from one hundred and ninety-two regiments of infantry, twenty-three batteries of artillery, and twenty-nine regiments of cavalry, besides twenty-four cavalry commands less than regiments. Furthermore, how, he asks, could General Bragg have had, as he officially reports, 14,700 men put *hors du combat* if he had all told but 35,000? That

would have been a loss not greatly under fifty per cent. of his whole force, whereas the likelihood is that his loss was not far from that of the Federal army, which was about twenty per cent. This would make his army 73,500 strong. Again, Bragg's official map represents his line as overlapping Rosecrans's on both flanks, and this though he gives Rosecrans a line longer, by the space occupied by one division, than it really was. Mr. Swinton then would have us believe that Bragg, with 35,000 men, overlapped on both flanks all of Rosecrans's line of 43,000 men, an imaginary division, and several hundred yards besides. About 52,000 men, Rosecrans thinks, were in Bragg's force. General Rosecrans—against whose character for truthfulness no one, so far as we know, says anything—is yet not a person who is apt to talk with mathematical coldness and colorless exactness, and he may be as much mistaken as Mr. Swinton. But the dispute between them shows once more the necessity that all possible pains should be taken to bring out all the evidence that every one has to offer in regard to the greatest war of modern times. It is a pity that all our leading generals are not writing memoirs of their campaigns, and fortifying their assertions with figures and the added statements of their subordinates. We hear of hardly one who is so engaged. The various army associations, as that of the Potomac Army, the Army of the Cumberland, and the others, might profitably apply some of their funds to the encouragement of such publications. And the treasury of the "Grand Army of the Republic," as it is called, would be as well employed in the endeavor to seize and fix the fleeting records of the war as in arranging the bestowal of post-offices, and assessorships, and Washington clerkships.

—In England, they are still debating what sort of raised letters or arbitrary signs for the blind to make the standard. With us, what is called the Boston letter has been generally adopted: the Roman letter, both capital and small, with angles for curves to facilitate the touch. We have lately been shown a work printed in this way, by the National Association of Philadelphia, incorporated last year for the purpose of publishing literary and musical works for the blind. The one referred to is a dictionary of musical terms, which we are informed is a desideratum for blind teachers of music, of whom there is a surprising number in Philadelphia. Other works are in progress, and all will be furnished at cost, or without cost to the indigent. The Association depends upon subscriptions and legacies for the necessary funds to carry out its designs, and probably can safely calculate upon the support of the philanthropic. Mr. H. L. Hall, of 316 North Twenty-first Street, Philadelphia, is the sole agent.

—Everybody knows that Americans are good-natured to a most unexampled degree. Who ever heard of a hotel-clerk's being drawn over his marble counter by a long-suffering pilgrim and put to a sudden and violent death—killed while yet picking his teeth? Nobody. Conductors on railroads mostly die natural deaths; and so do expressmen, and waiters, and telegraph operators. This is the first winter for forty-odd years that thousands of passengers by the East River ferry-boats have not more than once or twice spent a cheerful hour or two among free ice floating in the river. All the women who are clerks in stores and shops insult and in many ways "sit down on" the other women. Vendors of refreshments at way stations are only seldom visited with an energetic storm of abuse. Whenever we get together in political crowds we permit the gentlemen on the platform to put their tongues in their cheeks and call us "the masses," and, having thus impudently flattered us with the plural, otherwise to treat us like fools by the hour together. And when we assemble in crowds not political, those who "cater intelligently to the public taste"—how do they not treat us? Is there any other country on the round world where audiences would submit to see regularly on their play-bills such a notification as this? It stares one in the face at one of our most frequented New York theatres:

"Spectators are requested to remain seated till the close of the play, as the noise made in departing by the impatient few mars the pleasure of the more intellectual persons in the audience who wish to witness the completion of the performance."

You pay your money, my poor, unintellectual little public; but as for taking your choice whether or not this play shall be said to be intellectually played—why, that is a matter you need not concern yourself with. We of the green-room have settled it for you; it is to be intellectual to like us.—There is, no doubt, a sort of indecency in walking out of a theatre while most of the spectators are anxious to sit undisturbed; but there are other sorts of indecency, too, it seems.

—Anglo-Saxon scholars will be interested in knowing that Mr. Thomas Wright has discovered in the library of Corpus Christi College, at Cambridge University, a new alphabetical Latin-English, or rather Latin-

Anglo-Saxon, Vocabulary. It is written in double columns on large leaves of vellum, and the forms and orthography of the words are extremely archaic. Mr. Wright thinks it to be far older than any such monument hitherto known belonging to any of the Northern languages, and refers it to the eighth century. Scholars will soon be able to see his evidence in this behalf, for the vocabulary in question is to be printed in a second volume of Mr. Wright's vocabularies—a companion to that (Anglo-Saxon and English) already printed by him at the expense of Mr. Joseph Mayer, of Liverpool.

—Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, in his "Malay Archipelago," indicated, as we pointed out in our review of the work, a considerable fondness for politico-economical discussion. He was then chiefly interested to show that Government protection and regulation of traffic was a humane necessity in the case of a semi-barbarous people like the Indo-Malayans, whom free-trade with Europeans would have demoralized, impoverished, and probably destroyed. He set over against each other the English mechanic and factory-hand, with all their misery, and the contented and prosperous Javanese, and drew a sorrowful picture of the condition of his countrymen. To a late number of *Nature* he contributes a letter deprecating a proposed appeal to Government in aid of science—which has since, nevertheless, been made—and taking this position:

"I uphold national education, but I object absolutely to all sectional or class education; and all the above-named schemes are simply forms of class education. The broad principle I go upon is this: that the State has no moral right to apply funds raised by the taxation of all its members to any purpose which is not *directly* available for the benefit of all."

The editor of *Nature* warmly dissents from so restricted a view, contending that science in England needs organization such as Government alone can give it, and that, however much scientific men constitute a class, their labors are notoriously disinterested, and cannot possibly be confined to their own advantage. The question is a nice one, and all depends on where the line shall be drawn. Even in this country, where we do not allow any distinction between the government and the self-governing people, there are persons who hold that high schools come under the ban laid down by Mr. Wallace, and should be left to private endowment. But if a national vessel may be sent on a scientific mission when otherwise it would have been laid up in time of peace, or even carry a *savant* at the public expense to the scene of his explorations, we cannot see what becomes of Mr. Wallace's limitation, since the principle is not altered with the amount misappropriated.

TENNYSON'S LAST VOLUME.*

FROM the genuine lovers of the best poetry we suppose that these latest idylls by Tennyson have had nearly if not quite as warm a welcome as was given the old ones. But among that larger public which habitually reads and likes a great deal of the poetry that each year produces—the public which has given Mr. Robert Lytton the third or fourth place among the popular poets of the day in America—"The Holy Grail" has met with a very much cooler reception than was accorded to the preceding volume. "The Idylls of the King" were pronounced by the general voice to be the finest poetical work of our day, and this award was made with a loudness and unanimity that certainly might have seemed ominous. Of this "Holy Grail" nothing so good is said, and among both the readers and writers of the moment there are many who decry the verses, and who assert the poet's manifest decline. We think, however, it is not in any important difference between the Tennyson of to-day and the Tennyson of fifteen years ago that we shall find the reason for his former popularity with the ordinary reader and his present comparative disfavor. It is to be sought in the reader himself; for, as we say, no marked change is noted in the opinion which is entertained of the two volumes by the best judges; they find these verses as good and as bad as those, and good and bad for the same reasons.

But as the first series of these idylls appeared, the ordinary devourers of pleasant poetry were first introduced to a knowledge of the Arthurian cycle of romance, of which previously they had, most of them, known next to nothing. Here, of a sudden, were the Lancelot and Camelot of the dreamy, semi-allegorical "Lady of Shalott" appearing as a living man with a history of his own, and a city full of knights and ladies, and more or less of the other machinery of mediæval romance. Sir Gawain, Sir Modred, King Arthur, Guinevere, the Quest of the San Greal, and other shadowy names were suddenly vivified, and a fresh field of story

was made known. We had forthwith, as most of us will recollect, a sort of popular revival of the Arthurian legends; and this revival is proof that the average reader of the polite literature of the day had been much enjoying the poet as story-teller, and was interested in the personages with whom he had just made acquaintance. But this is an interest of a kind which almost never is long maintained by many. It may be supposed that in this case it led some few persons on to new delights as they explored for themselves the stream from which Mr. Tennyson had taken such waters as he wished, but that soon the many, for ever seeking some new thing, returned satiated. These latter readers are not of the kind that appreciated what poetry there was in the former idylls, and it is partly because the Arthurian romances as stories have palled on their taste that they accuse the new poetry of inferiority to the old.

Then, it is true, we suppose, that no book by whatsoever author could now make the noise among us that might have been made twelve or fifteen years ago by any work of any one of three or four authors. Tennyson is no worse off in this respect than Longfellow or Dickens—unless possibly "Enoch Arden" may have done him special injury, and Dickens's recent tour may have done him good. The American public is certainly changed from what it was before the war. The four years of fighting—of fighting out such issues, at such a cost—and the constant political agitation since, to say nothing of the many other forces not so obvious but perhaps as powerful which have come into play, and which in our new society come into play so rapidly and with such effect, have deepened and widened the public mind, and we are less enthusiastic and also less raw as well as less ill-informed than we used to be. Possibly, too, it should be considered that as a nation of Tennysonites we were youngish people. We do not remember, we believe, that it was the middle-aged American of 1855 who used to be fond of "Maud," and "In Memoriam," and knew "tears, idle tears" by heart, and carried a blue and gold 24mo in his pocket. Doubtless it may very well be, after all, that for Tennyson's decline in favor there is the simple explanation that it was mainly the young ladies and gentlemen who were liking him so much half a generation since, and that for the present generation the fashion in poetry has partly changed. That there has been in the poet any noticeable change we do not find ourselves able to see. When the time comes, if it is going to come, when he shall be read and admired for his finish and skill, the poems before us, we should guess, will be as likely to come in for praise as any equal number of their predecessors.

That they are going to be praised as fortunate in point of subject—that, indeed, they are not going to be held radically unfortunate in subject, we do not believe. It is much to be doubted if any great poet would ever have chosen the Arthurian romances as a proper theme for a modern poem. Milton talked of it; but it is to be observed that he never did more than talk. Bulwer talked of it, and in a sufficiently unwise manner; and indeed did it, and that, too, in a most inadequate manner, as everybody knows. It was among Coleridge's opium dreams, but except Mr. Tennyson no man of poetic capacity has both meditated and tried to write the modern epic with Arthur as hero; and certainly such success as Mr. Tennyson has had it seems as if he might as well have got with much less embarrassment to himself. In fact, he has to some extent—so long as his idylls are remembered—injured a fine poem (albeit not formally arranged and written out) in order that he might produce not only an inferior poem of his own, but that he might produce a poem inferior to his other work in many important respects. Who that has ever read the volumes compiled by Malory has not been led into a beautiful world of enchantment? It is not unlike the world into which we are led when in the most delightful of modern poems we wander into the forest of Arden with Rosalind and Celia—like it, different as it is. The ladies, the waiting-damsels, the spells, the amours, the tourneys, the chapels perilous, the castles joyous, the vows, the philters, Sir Tristram mad, Sir Palomedes by the pool in the forest, the frank sinning, the business-like repenting, the holy hermit who heals wounds, the crooked dwarfs, the mighty knights, magically armed riding on strange quests, the simple poetry of nature—all these charm the imagination and delight the fancy, and are nearly as far from Mr. Tennyson's correct moral sentiments, his modern remorse, his divorce-court loves, and his riot-act justice, as they are from ward caucuses in Philadelphia and the produce market.

Of this second set of the idylls, the one which does least violence to the spirit of the old romances is, as might have been expected, that one now entitled the "Passing of Arthur"—the "Morte d'Arthur" of the poet's youth—a poem of the days when romance is in the blood; when we are native to the airs of imaginary lands; when we have not yet taken no

* "The Holy Grail, and Other Poems. By Alfred Tennyson." Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870.

the burden of thought and the yoke of duty. That it did no violence at all to the spirit of the legends, even when it had its old form, is of course not to be said. It was the modern poet who said:

"Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king
Laid widowed of the power in his eye
That bowed the will."

And of this passage, good and careful as it may be called, Sir Thomas Malory would never have said "as the book saith:"

"Dry clashed his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clanged round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon."

So of a dozen other passages that might be cited; but in general the "Morte d'Arthur," as it stood, was a not inharmonious echo of the strain that called it out. Of the two hundred prefatory lines which are added to it in this edition, it will be perceived that they subserve Mr. Tennyson's general purpose in his idylls, and that they are not strictly in keeping with the particular poem to which they are prefixed. As he left behind him "the golden prime" in which he wrote with such enjoyment the "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," and the "Lady of Shalott," and the "Morte d'Arthur," and began to do thinking, and to have "views," and to feel that on him also there was laid some "solving of the universe" to be done, he made for himself a hero—"in likeness of a goodliest English gentleman"—a kingly statesman repressing evils in the body politic, forgiving personal injuries, serenely applying ideal "personal government" to a turbulent chaotic realm—to speak irreverently, a sort of magnanimous, wide-minded Governor Eyre in a clearly rascally Jamaica—and the "Idylls of the King" illustrate this hero and his deeds, and give to him and them more or less coloring drawn from the Arthur of French and English legendary lore. The two hundred or more verses which are now prefixed to the youthful "Morte d'Arthur" are in keeping with this later conception rather than with the earlier, and are a sort of link to chain together the Arthur of the nineteenth century and that Arthur who "never was on sea or land."

Considering the new poems apart from their relation to the romances, and apart also from the poet's scheme—which, at least to our apprehension, labors, as we have said, under a fatal disadvantage, and about which we say no more—the best poem in the book seems to us to be "Pelleas and Ettarre." "The Coming of Arthur" is only an introductory ante-chamber, and exists not for itself, but for what follows, and "The Holy Grail" itself, on which Mr. Tennyson has spent much labor—labor ill-bestowed after "Sir Galahad"—is now, in everything but its innermost essence, remote from human sympathy. That the pure in heart see God, and that they and only they can come close to him in this life, is the lesson of "The Quest of the San Greal," as we of to-day translate it. But this is a subject that now refuses itself to poetry, whatever may have been the case when concrete religious images impressed men more; and the old machinery used for its present presentation cannot but seem fantastic—utterly unfitted to the spiritual reality. But in the "Pelleas and Ettarre" the poet has solid ground beneath his feet. Pelleas is a youth

"But lately come to his inheritance,
And lord of many a barren isle was he"—

handsome and strong, ignorant of the world, and unacquainted with woman—

"For out of the waste islands had he come,
Where saving his own sisters he had known
Scarce any but the women of his isles,
Rough wives, that laugh'd and scream'd against the gulls,
Makers of nets, and living from the sea."

Riding towards Caerleon to be made a knight by Arthur, the sun, beating on his helm, drove him to seek the shade of the woods, and his halting-place is thus finely described:

"Near him a mound of even-sloping side,
Whereon a hundred stately beeches grew,
And here and there great hollies under them,
But for a mile all round was open space
And fern and heath: and slowly Pelleas drew
To that dim day, then, binding his good horse
To a tree, cast himself down; and as he lay,
At random looking over the brown earth
Thro' that green-glooming twilight of the grove,
It seemed to Pelleas that the fern without
Burnt as a living fire of emeralds,
So that his eyes were dazzled looking at it.
Then o'er it crossed the dimness of a cloud
Floating, and once the shadow of a bird
Flying, and then a fawn; and his eyes closed.
And since he loved all maidens but no maid
In special, half-awake he whispered, 'Where?
Oh! where? I love thee, though I know thee not.'"

Despite the unhappiness of burning ferns into emeralds, the first part of this scene shows Mr. Tennyson in his wonted strength as an objective painter of landscape; and the latter part, with the youth lying in vague

love-languors and longings, is a good specimen of the poet's other and usual method of making nature subservient to his particular purpose. To Pelleas, thus dreaming, suddenly comes an appropriate waking:

"And glancing through the hoary boles, he saw,
Strange as to some old prophet might have seemed
A vision hovering on a sea of fire,
Damsels in divers colors like the cloud
Of sunset and sunrise, and all of them
On horses, and the horses richly trapt
Breast-high in that bright line of bracken stood."

This company was the retinue of Ettarre, who had lost her way as she was riding to Caerleon to the jousts, and whose beauty strikes Pelleas speechless:

"And Pelleas, gazing, thought,
'Is Guinevere herself so beautiful?'
For large her violet eyes look'd, and her bloom
A rosy dawn kindled in stainless heavens;
And round her limbs, mature in womanhood,
And slender was her hand, and small her shape,
And but for those large eyes, the haunts of scorn,
She might have seemed a toy to trifle with,
And pass and care no more. But while he gazed
The beauty of her flesh abashed the boy,
As though it were the beauty of her soul."

Her soul, however, had little beauty. But Pelleas, amid the significant smiles of the young ladies and the three knights who followed Ettarre, rode by her side to Caerleon, and there, being made a knight, he won for her, "while rang the shouts his lady loved," the prize of the tournament. He follows her as she rides home, but is debarred from attendance on her, and is kept among the waiting-maids, for the mistress despises him. When the lady's castle is reached, the portcullis falls between her and her worshipper, and he is "left in open field."

"These be the ways of ladies, Pelleas thought,
To those who love them, trials of our faith."

So he watches faithfully outside till Ettarre loathes and hates him and his constancy, and sets her knights on him, whom easily he overthrows, one after another; but, on hearing Ettarre's voice commanding him to be brought in, he joyfully suffers himself to be bound. She scoffs and rails at him, and this also he endures in his infatuation, and, when he is thrust out again, he watches, day and night, till she orders the minion-knights to set on him all at once. Gawain, passing by, sees this, and wishes to help, but Pelleas will not permit him.

"So Gawain, looking at the villany done,
Forbore; but in his heat and eagerness
Trembled and quivered, as the dog withheld
A moment from the vermin that he sees
Before him shivers, ere he springs and kills."

The rest of the story tells how Sir Gawain meets Sir Pelleas after he has again been driven forth by Ettarre, and how, craftily borrowing the other's armor, he goes before the lady, and wins her with a tale of his having killed her obstinate lover, and with his easy gallantry; and at last it tells how Pelleas, entering the castle, surprises his false friend and Ettarre. The scene in which the discovery is made is powerfully managed, and we are made to see the natural effect of an unsuspecting heart's first awakening to the wickedness and perfidy of one wholly trusted and loved. After this, however, Mr. Tennyson must take his flesh-and-blood lover and use him for the purposes of the "Idylls of the King," so at once he dissolves into air more or less thin. But the first part of the poem is intrinsically worthy of a place beside Elaine's ill-fated love, and is proof enough that the poet's hand has not forgot its cunning.

Of the minor pieces in this volume there is none that requires particular mention, except the version of a story from Boccaccio, which is beautiful with all the beauty of intense passion—and intense passion seemingly half-justified in seeking its gratification—curbed by magnanimous generosity and self-control that reaches heroism. "The Northern Farmer" is a picturesque figure; but the personage drawn contains no depths or intricacies; every characteristic is salient, and not to be missed, so that we do not understand the praises given to the artist for this success. The "Flower in the Crannied Wall" is commonplace, though not trivial, and would not have been thought worth printing by a poet who had not, for most of his life, confined his attention to the moral sentiments, and to what, for want of a more exact term, we shall call the sensuous enjoyment of nature and life, and the very elaborate, skilful literary reproduction of his impressions.

THE RISE OF THE SECOND EMPIRE.*

LOUIS NAPOLEON had been pretender and revolutionist, imperialist and socialist, before the Revolution of February, 1848. On its outbreak, he hastened to write to the Provisional Government, and place himself "under the banner of the Republic, just proclaimed." Elected president in December, he not only takes the oath "in the presence of God and of

* "Histoire du Second Empire (1848-1869). Par Taxile Delord." Tome premier. Paris: Germer Baillière. 1869.

the French people," "to remain faithful to the democratic Republic and to defend the Constitution," but voluntarily adds: "I shall consider as enemies of the country all those who may attempt illegally to change the form of government." In his message of Oct. 31, 1849, he already declares himself the representative of a whole system made triumphant by his election, "for the name Napoleon is in itself a programme," but still reassuringly adds: "I will try to be worthy of the nation's confidence by upholding the Constitution to which I have sworn allegiance." On his tour through the provinces, in August, 1850, he thus speaks to the people of Lyons: "Rumors of *coups d'état* have possibly reached you, but you have not believed them, for which I thank you. Surprises and usurpation may be the dreams of parties which have no support in the nation; the elect of six million votes executes, but betrays not, the will of the people." Ill-received in Strasbourg, he repudiates the faintest idea of an attack on the Constitution, and assures his hearers that the highest aim of his ambition is the title of "honest man;" that he knows "nothing above duty." In "Napoleonic" Cherbourg he is again entirely Napoleonic, loudly demands the aid of the people to enable him to complete the works of "the Emperor," and hints at the necessity of making the institutions of the nation agree with "the exigencies of its political situation and of its material interests." To efface, in part, the impression made by these words on the Legislative Assembly, he assures it, in his message of Nov. 12, that to it exclusively belongs the right of modifying the Constitution. "I alone," he adds, "I hold myself within the limits it has drawn, bound as I am by my oath." And so he goes on until the oath and the Constitution are trampled under foot, and the defenders of the latter incarcerated or slain in December, 1851. Nay, as late as March 29, 1852, he still boasts, on a most solemn occasion, of not having assumed "a pompous title," and exclaims: "Let us preserve the Republic; it menaces no one; it is reassuring to all." Then comes the Empire, and this kind of lying is at an end. The successive responses of the *suffrage universel* to the appeals of this noble saviour of order and society are these: For the constitutional president, five million four hundred thousand votes; for the ten years' presidential dictatorship, seven million four hundred thousand votes; for the Empire, seven million eight hundred thousand votes—the opposition vote gradually dwindling down to about three hundred thousand *nons* and blanks.

The principal abettors of Louis Napoleon: Fialin, *alias* Persigny, the great apostle of Bonapartist restoration, and for a time its martyr, but, when running as candidate for the Constituent Assembly, a loud-mouthed renegade; Morny, who mixed money-speculation with both love and politics, and whose relation to the son of Queen Hortense M. Delord cautiously explains by telling that he was born in one of the finest mansions of Paris, was taken to Versailles, received his name from a nobleman who adopted him, was educated by the mother of M. Flahault, was constantly patronized by this gentleman, and chose a *hortensia* as emblem for his escutcheon; Le Roy Saint-Arnaud, that "true Bohemian hero"—a hero of the stage, of the *salon*, and of the Algerian desert, where he emulated the fame of Péliassier by smothering Arabs with smoke; Magnan, Maupas, Carlier, Mocquard, Granier de Cassagnac, and others—they are all worthy of their chief and cause. M. Delord's delineations of character often remind the reader of corresponding sketches in Kinglake, "the eloquent, exact, and impartial historian"—our book dares to state it—"who has given us the first complete and detailed account of the days of December, 1851." M. Delord is himself more exact and impartial than this lavish praise bestowed upon his fellow-historian would lead us to expect. He is not at all eager to caricature, and in no way betrays an inclination to season his narrative with spicy anecdotes or innuendoes. He characterizes by public facts. His invectives are bitter generalizations. Could he speak freely, he would evidently strive to emulate Tacitus rather than Suetonius.

Few characters in this history cut a more pitiable figure than the cousin of the Man of December—Prince Napoleon Bonaparte—with his ultrarepublican fervor, which yields to the "victrix causa" only when its triumph is fully established. How he repudiates his cousin, and how vehemently he assails his "deplorable policy" in 1849, declaring that he acknowledges "but one sovereign—the people!" His ardent republicanism survives even the 2d of December, 1851—by one day. On the 3d, he still intrudes into the secret reunion of some of his associates of the Left, learning their whereabouts from the domestic of Jules Favre, whom he deceives by a lie; lying to Mme. Landrin, in whose husband's house the reunion is held, and, as that noble and spirited woman is not to be deceived, forcing his entrance by pushing her so violently aside as to make her fall upon a chair. Received with astonishment and distrust, he advocates bold measures against the *coup d'état*. He then perceives Mme. Lau-

drin, who, having entered, occupies a seat on a sofa, listening. "Who is that woman?" he asks, eyeing her through a quizzing-glass. "My wife, sir," answers M. Landrin; and the icy silence that follows makes the prince inclined to leave before others, soon to appear with altered mask, and in a different camp and sphere.

Nor do we find many attractive historical figures among the prominent opponents of the *coup d'état*—at least as seen in this period—though they are incomparably superior in character. Cavaignac—the most imposing figure—is a sincere republican, and calm in the storm, but stiff, unable to lead a party, and almost entirely passive. Changarnier, who holds his African sword in readiness to draw it against the usurper, has unfortunately offered it, in the first days of the Republic, to the Orleans princes, against it, and is not undeservedly suspected by the republicans of meditating the part of Monk in favor of a Bourbon-Orleans fusion monarchy. Lamoricière, who is equally ready to fight for the Constitution, is in heart a legitimist; his past has shown it, his future will show it more clearly. Thiers, the writer of the "Consulate and Empire," who has boasted of having given Louis Napoleon, the presidential candidate, two hundred thousand votes, though considering his election a disgrace to France; Berryer, who continues to be in communication with the Count de Chambord; Odillon-Barrot, who, as minister of Louis Napoleon, has defended the expedition against Rome—they, the champions of reaction and constitutionalism at the same time, are all great in speeches, but ridiculously insignificant as defenders of the Republic; they allow themselves but too long to be led by Montalembert, who, in his anti-revolutionary passion, does not stop short of imperialism. The Left—with its Mountain, "an imitation volcano," whose petty smoke eruptions serve only to frighten the bourgeois into the opposite camp—is full of formulas, as Carlyle would say, intermixed with pompous vanities à la Victor Hugo. In speaking of the Socialists, our author shows himself in his bitterest vein:

"There were, on the benches of the Left, Jacobins, Girondists, Robespierriists, Dantonists, and so on. Jacobins, Dantonists, Robespierriists, Girondists—all these parties, divided among themselves, had the Socialists for adversaries. The Socialist looked down upon the Jacobin. He found him ridiculous, ignorant, backward, poor in ideas. Himself, on the contrary, was full of them. Religion, philosophy, political economy—he thoroughly knew all the problems. He had their solutions. Each solution was represented by a head of school. So many schools so many parties. The Socialists, not content with insulting the Jacobins, incessantly insulted each other. Fierce in discussion, black with ink, red with hatred—resembling the furious scholastic disputants of old—they drown in floods of fire and prose the few ideas they happen to have."

The old stupid or criminal Napoleon-worship of the French peasantry and French literature; the nebulous and reactionary romanticism created during the Restoration, and fostered by writers like Hugo; the religious anarchy and office-seeking servility which poisoned the reign of Louis Philippe; the unscrupulousness of party-scribblers during and after the Republic; the servile heartlessness of the more or less bloody tools of the Man of December; the shameless corruption introduced in all spheres by the new Empire—are all depicted in true and lively colors. In telling "how the Empire was made," the history is full enough. It is less satisfactory in explaining what ought to or could have been done to prevent it, or whether it was a fatality. M. Delord's retrospects are excellent as far as French history is concerned; but the teachings of universal history, ancient or modern, he almost entirely ignores. The events of the period which took place beyond the limits of France—including the Crimean war, with the conclusion of which the volume ends—are incompletely told, and some mistakes—such, for instance, as he makes, not only in words, when loosely talking of Beust and Von der Pfordten, "la grande Allemagne, *Gross Deutsch*," "la petite Allemagne, *Klein Deutsch*," etc. (pp. 472-474), or when he calls the Prince of Vasa a son of Charles XIII. (p. 484)—betray an inadequate familiarity with foreign affairs. This and a certain chronological disorder which pervades parts of the work are its greatest, yet, in comparison to its merits, very slight defects.

The Queen of the Adriatic; or, Venice Past and Present. By W. H. Davenport Adams, author of "Buried Cities of Campania," "Records of Noble Lives," etc. (Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 1869).—This book, "purporting to be at once a record and a description—a manual for the young student, and a series of sketches for the general reader," is a tolerably well executed and neatly illustrated compilation. It is divided into three parts, containing respectively the "History," the "Fine Arts, Literature, Manners, and Customs," and the "Public Buildings and Memorable Places," of the sea-girt city. All are equally readable and interesting, without being exhaustive or marked by evidences of careful research. The style is throughout animated, often poetically colored, and occasion-

ally somewhat bombastic—owing, in part, to the author's rather excessive admiration for his subject, that is, for the glories of its past. This past he sketches in brief, loosely connected historical and semi-historical fragments, drawn from well-selected sources, and enlivened by quotations in prose and poetry, but here and there marred by signs of defective criticism and hasty elaboration. The dates are generally correct, and some of the exceptions may be attributable to oversight in the revision. To these exceptions belong several slightly conflicting dates of accession, as given in the "Chronological List of Doges" and in the text of the narratives, respectively; 1570 instead of 1571, as date of the battle of Lepanto; and 421-52, as marking the time when the Venetian lagoons were peopled by fugitives from the mainland seeking shelter before the destructive wrath of Attila (page 28). The last-given, compound date refers to two distinct events, each separately and correctly dated elsewhere—the foundation of the first government on the Rialto (in 421) and the invasion of Attila (in 452), and the author also contradicts himself by making each of these events the starting point of the history of Venice (pp. 17 and 28.) Still greater inaccuracies he commits in giving (pp. 4 and 17) the duration of the sovereign power of Venice, and of each of the two great periods into which he divides, after Ruskin, the history of the Republic. "Andrea Contarini (died 1367)" (p. 320) stands for "Andrea Contarini (elected 1367)."

The Three Bernices; or, Ansermo of the Crag. By Mrs. A. M. Bright. (Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1869.)—We are not, we think, indulging in that "mockwise censure of primed-lip presumption" so earnestly deprecated by the author in her preface to this volume, when we say that we find her intention in writing it to be by odds better than her execution. To tell the exact truth, we are not so firmly convinced, either, of the wisdom of the intention. To ensnare youthful devotees of light literature and then drag them into a knowledge of Ancient History by means of a novel in which historical events are distorted and historical characters represented without any regard to actual truth of portraiture, is not an undertaking which seems to us to promise any very good results. If prophecy were permissible, we should say that as a historical novelist Mrs. Bright is not destined to do very good work. Indeed, when does a writer of this sort do good work?

"He had no respect for the colubrine nature of Domitian, whose hands were already cruentate, and whose rampancy of vile practice had well-nigh severed his father's heart entirely from him." Again she says:

"Attend, O ye gods! and thou, Supreme of all, and, holding all in thy mysterious palm, hear! for thou art present! and do thou by thy mightiest links bind our beings, body and soul, into an eternal one, despite of man's decrees, or fate, or death! beyond even thine own awful power to unknit! To this end we devote us! By all things known and unknown, material and immaterial—by men and gods, and by infinity.

tude and thyself, essence and indweller thereof! hear thou, and ratify that this is my wife—for ever and for ever!"

Better still is the soliloquy put into the mouth of the Emperor Vespaian, as he stands beside the death-bed of Agrippina, the mother of Nero, whose life is prolonged by Mrs. Bright for some years beyond the term assigned it by graver historians, and who is converted into a "lowly follower of the Nazarene," and, under the title of Mother Antonia, becomes a soup and tract distributor to the primitive Christian poor.

Three Seasons in European Vineyards. By William J. Flagg. (New York: Harper and Brothers.)—A work of merit, written by an intelligent American, perfectly familiar with vine culture in the United States before his visit to the vineyards of Europe. Rich in practical suggestions and valuable experience, Mr. Flagg talks very pleasantly throughout his very readable chapters in a vein at once entertaining and instructive, and treats knowingly of viticulture, wine-making and wines, both red and white. Of the 310 pages, 73 are taken up with the translation from the French of a treatise on the remedy for the oidium, or vine disease, commonly known in this country as the grape rot. This remedy is the sulphur cure, and it is represented by Mr. Flagg to be entirely efficacious against the disease of the vine in all its many forms. The book is not merely the story of a run through the vineyards, but gives intelligent explanation and instructive report of what a competent observer has seen and learned during months of sojourn among the vine-growing districts of Burgundy, Epernay, the Rhine, Switzerland, and Italy. It should therefore receive a good deal of attention in this country, when in so many districts the cultivation of the vine is already an important industry, and where, if our wine-makers are not too sanguine, there is to be the greatest grape and wine region in the world.

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